Norman Gall

THE NEW REPUBLIC

April 13, 1963, 35 cents

The Youth of an Author

Richard Gilman

What It's Like Now in Cuba

Barbara Smith

Religion and Schools

Michael Novak

Snow vs Leavis

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T.R.B. from Washington

Ten Cents on the Dollar

★ The mood in Washington is subtly depressing with Mr. Kennedy conspicuously avoiding showdowns with Congress, and Congress taking a 10-day Easter rest from the burden of not having done anything for three months. It is a recess within a recess. John F. Kennedy maintains a cool, confident demeanor and sticks to the legislative "rhythm" theory that Congress, left to itself, will ultimately act. It probably will, one way or other, in time. The penalty is, however, that issues are not dramatized, the country is listless and bored, and the President is increasingly on the defensive.

Mr. Kennedy's technique is now familiar – to talk a strong line and then compromise. The quickness of these compromises is startling and lowers supporters' morale. Sometimes they just form ranks when the battle is called off. Mr. Kennedy seems backing away from his tax bill (dangerously inadequate to begin with); he immediately cut half a billion from foreign aid after getting the right-wing Clay Report (a report with just enough good in it to be described as a mitigated disaster), and he threw in the sponge this week on the $2.7 billion general college aid bill, in return for House Rules Committee clearance of the $237 million medical school aid bill. It is assumed that the committee released the one as the price for dropping the other, or a settlement of about 10 cents on the dollar.

It is often argued that this is the only way to operate "in view of the mood of the country." But how do you change the mood if you don't fight and occasionally charge the barricades? If Governor Rockefeller is the GOP nominee next year as expected (with a possible second try in 1968) it is distressing to think how alike the two candidates will be. Seemingly there will be less difference than in 1960.

It is interesting to compare the UK and the US today on the economic front. Their problem is strikingly alike: sluggish economy and severe unemployment. But in Britain the unemployed riot; in the US they wouldn't think of such a thing though the rate is twice as high.

Leaders in the UK and the US propose the same remedy, planned deficits and tax cuts. The Tories offer this as a matter of course and give most benefit to low brackets; the US regards it with moralistic suspicion and President Kennedy finds it necessary to give the rich a bigger cut.

Finally, in Britain parliament ratifies the cut at once and the medicine takes effect immediately; here, the House committee stage alone will take to June when hearings start all over again in the Senate. Will the US patiently wait, suspending disagreeable symptoms till doctors agree? Unemployment is down somewhat this month, but we still have grave doubts.

Wall Street, however, has few doubts. It is in fine fettle and everyone is getting rich. Normally the average yield from stocks is higher than bonds, to compensate for their greater risk. For over half a century the yield on stocks has averaged five percent, whereas today the Dow-Jones industrial average is down to 3.3 percent, a danger signal to some. Stocks have been climbing back to their '62 peak when they sold to yield well below bonds. This is described as the most unfavorable relationship in 60 years, with the single exception of 1929.

Would Riots Help?

★ Why don't the US unemployed riot? "I am surprised there is not more of an outcry," Labor Secretary Wirtz admitted to columnist Jack Herling the other day. "Unemployed are scattered; many are in isolated pockets. The group most seriously affected, the unskilled, the youth, the Negroes, the older people, are the least articulate politically." Then too, it seems to me, the long New York newspaper strike has strengthened misapprehensions about trade unions. The old labor ogre is trotted out again as a snarling Jimmy Hoffa. The fact is, time lost by strikes was only 0.16 percent of total working time last year compared to a 0.27 percent average for the past five years: the figure is going down. It generally does when there is heavy unemployment. America lost more time by unemployment last year than it has from 35 years of strikes.

Is the trade union movement growing? We can't see it. Only about a quarter of American workers are organized and the rate is declining. Well then, are workers' wage demands pricing them out of jobs? Not according to statistics.

Unit labor costs have risen 29 percent in West Germany, according to the National Industrial Conference Board, and 37 percent in France, but in the US only six percent since 1954, with a slight decline since 1958. In the US, in short, productivity has outstripped wage gains.

In the UK unemployment brings a riot; in the US it seems to be a more subtle poison. It is making it unsafe to walk in cities after dark because of idle gangs and juvenile delinquency; it is slowing down the economy as idle families retrench on purchases; it is costing the states more and more as unemployment drains insurance funds and tempts them to retrench on schools and hospitals. In the long run society might be better off with a riot.

Notes: Ten big oil companies charged off about $1.5 billion in 1962 as "depletion allowance," according to the April issue of *Fortune;* if they didn't enjoy this happy exemption they would pay about $700 million a year more in taxes – something to think about as you complete Form 1040. . . . Harold Wilson, British Labour Party head, who talked here this week, is shorter than expected, round-faced, ruddy-cheeked, with white fringed temples, and fields questions adeptly; he handled himself well in a non-rhetorical, studiously muted public appearance as people crowded to see the likely next prime minister; a competent chap, we thought, anxious to reassure Americans but a little stand-offish.

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Race to the Moon

"The United States Congress almost unanimously made a decision that the US would not continue to be second in space. . . . I don't think we should look with equanimity upon the prospect that we will be second all through the Sixties and possibly the Seventies. . . . I think that having made the decision last year that we should make a major effort to be first in space, I think we should continue to do so."

– PRESIDENT KENNEDY at his News Conference, April 3, 1963

Late last year, when a Paris newspaper printed an apocryphal report that the US and the USSR had secretly agreed to abandon their costly race to the moon in favor of a joint lunar expedition under the UN flag, almost no one in this country took it seriously, for the idea was too sensible to be true. The race is still on. The Russians last week sent their Lunik IV on its one-way trip; and although a US rocket has yet to hit the moon, another attempt is scheduled for the end of the year. Both nations' technology is well-advanced; both should be able within the next 10 years to launch a rocket big enough to carry the fuel needed to get a man there and back. But the entry fee in this race, estimated at $20 billion, is exorbitant, and $20 billion is just the beginning. The 1964 installment has bloated the budget of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to $5.7 billion, roughly $2 billion more than this year, and $4 billion more than 1962. Facing a tax cut and the hobgoblin of deficit spending, is it possible Congress may begin paying more attention to the critics of Project Apollo, which this year represents 75 percent of the NASA budget?

Perhaps the most frequent criticism is that these billions could be spent far more prudently on earth. Warren Weaver, former president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, has compiled an impressive list of what the Apollo funds would buy if they were spent on faculty salaries, classrooms and scholarships. But NASA partisans regard this argument as politically naïve, because although Congress has been willing to appropriate almost any sum the Administration requested for space, it has refused to spend more than a pittance for education and welfare. Edward Welsh, executive secretary of the National Aeronautics and Space Council, conceded in an address last year that the nation did not spend enough money for those worthwhile purposes before we had a space program, but he added that there is no assurance that enough would be spent even if we had a much more modest space program. NASA has also been

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criticized for its flagrant pork-barrel approach to awarding contracts and choosing sites for installations, particularly by Congressmen who feel that their states are not getting enough. The examples most frequently cited are the $130 million Manned Space Center in Houston, which adjoins the district of Representative Albert Thomas, chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee that must approve NASA funds, and the recently proposed $50 million NASA electronics center near Boston, a city of some interest to the young man who "can do more for Massachusetts." In defending the choice of the Houston site, NASA argued that the space center would stimulate a technological boom in the Southwest, attracting people and industries that would otherwise stay away; conversely, NASA justified the Boston site on the grounds that the area has a unique pool of trained manpower to staff it.

The most articulate opposition to Apollo has come from astronomers, including a few employed by NASA, who doubt the scientific value of sending a man to the moon and feel that the political appeal of the project has diverted funds from projects of greater scientific importance, such as the exploration of the solar system by instrumented space vehicles like Mariner II, or the development of an orbiting observatory to study the Galaxy from above the earth's atmosphere. So long as Project Apollo continues to dominate the NASA budget, pure science must wait.

Even the engineers and scientists who support the project have criticized the timetable, arguing that although a Cold War crash project may be the fastest way to get to the moon, it is also the most expensive, inefficient and, in terms of human life, the most dangerous. Jerome Wiesner, the President's science advisor, has had some sharp things to say about the management of the project, particularly the decision for a lunar rendezvous, which he opposed unsuccessfully. NASA officials complain that Dr. Wiesner is still trying to have the decision reversed. They resent his "meddling" in an area where he has some authority but no responsibility. They claim that his second-guessing of NASA decisions has delayed the project to the point where official estimates of the date of the moon landing have slipped from 1968 to 1970.

Although NASA has its private difficulties with Dr. Wiesner, it has managed its public relations with aplomb, partly because of its ability to anticipate possible criticism. To counter some of the expected objections to its enormous 1964 budget, NASA had begun as long ago as last summer to inoculate the public with a massive dose of propaganda to the effect that the race to the moon is a mighty surge of creative vigor, an adventure in which the whole nation will participate. In a booklet published by the House Science and Astronautics Committee, it is claimed that the program will produce "a strengthened national economy, new jobs and job categories, better living, fresh consumer goods, improved education, increased health, stimulated business enterprise and a host of long-range values which may ultimately make the immediate benefits pale into relative insignificance."

The crucial question that Congress must decide when the space budget comes to a vote is whether the US dares to set its own pace, irrespective of what the Russians may do. Those who think in terms of intangibles like national prestige insist that we cannot afford to de-emphasize the moon. But can we afford not to? The President himself has said candidly that we may not win the moon race. Despite the panicky crash projects inspired by the mythical "missile gap," we still have not caught up with Soviet rocket technology. We could gamble $20 billion and our national prestige and lose. And if we win, will the victory establish that the American nation, or our economic or social system, is superior to that of the USSR?

The moon race will not be the last. The loser is almost certain to challenge the winner to another race, perhaps to Mars, and the contest will continue. Dr. Wiesner has estimated that to land a man on Mars would cost $100 billion; and the technological problems involved in reaching more remote planets will be proportionately more expensive to solve, especially with emergency crash programs. Sooner or later Congress, the Administration and the public will have to concede that our rank as a great power does not depend on staging spectacular stunts in space. Indeed there is a hint of such a concession in the comment last week of G. Brainerd Holmes, director of manned space flight for NASA, who said that it would be foolish to squander money "on an all-out program just to get there first, just as I think it would be foolish to risk loss of life." 1963, however, does not appear to be the year for such maturity. The Congress, reading of Lunik IV and smarting with wounded patriotism, will virtually rubber-stamp another swollen budget for NASA.

Fewer Commercials

One of broadcasting's most obnoxious excesses – overcommercialization – may be curbed. The FCC has invited comments on a proposed rule which would limit the amount of advertising a station may carry in any given time period. Of 30 minutes of TV prime time, commercials by the sponsor would consume no more than four minutes, plus 70 seconds for a station break. On non-prime time, ads could not take up more than six minutes and 60 seconds out of the half hour.

For radio, which is the worst offender, the proposed new rule would be more generous to advertisers. Pro-

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grams with a single sponsor would be allowed seven minutes of commercials out of an hour, or one minute and 30 seconds in a five-minute program. Most radio shows, however, are multi-sponsored. Here, 18 minutes of ads would be permitted during any single hour, or five minutes for a 15-minute program – provided that the commercials do not exceed 14 minutes an hour on a weekly basis.

The limitations which are proposed, it should be stressed, are by no means stringent. They are the exact same ones which the industry's trade association, the National Association of Broadcasters, has asked stations to observe voluntarily in its Codes of Good Practice. But only two-thirds of the nation's TV, and less than half of all radio stations subscribe to the code – and many who do give it lip-service only; there are no penalties which can be imposed on those who ignore it.

Nevertheless, the industry is already crying "foul" and the NAB's President, the usually-moderate LeRoy Collins, warns that "if this step is taken, for the first time in our history our industry will have made a significant move toward public-utility-type regulation." To which millions of viewers, for whom television is a series of tasteless and endless interruptions, will reply: "high time."

Down the Drain

Within the past six years floods have caused more than $100 million in damages to Eastern Kentucky and the southern tip of West Virginia, the sorely depressed coal mining areas to which President Kennedy gave special attention in the 1960 campaign. Last month's floods left 13,000 families homeless; the section was proclaimed a disaster area. Fourteen federal-financed dam and reservoir projects have been proposed as one measure of flood control, but they have never been built because they do not meet the requirements of a curious formula. This is called the "cost-benefit ratio," used by the Army Corps of Engineers in determining the feasibility of every dam authorized by Congress. In surveying the dam site, the Corps must be able to show that construction will result in economic benefits at least equal to its cost. These benefits are spread over a 50 to 100 year period and include preservation of property, conservation of soil and crops, creation of recreational facilities and production of power. The formula takes no account of personal hardship or the massive squalor in which the people of Kentucky and West Virginia live. The cost-benefit ratio hampers the Government in dealing with regions where declining industries would make the purely economic benefits from dam construction marginal.

In the Kentucky-West Virginia region not only dams are needed but large-scale federal works projects which could lay the base for industrial development. Private industry cannot be expected to invest heavily in an area where its installations are likely to be washed away.

In 20 Kentucky counties in the disaster zone, over one quarter of the population is receiving free groceries, and unemployment in many of them ranges from 12 to 27 percent. Five hundred workers have been retrained. (At the present rate it will take 25 years to retrain the unemployed.) Attempts to lure private industry have been largely unavailing.

The Corps of Engineers will make another dam survey soon. Perhaps this time it will be able to find some way under the cost-benefit formula to construct the needed dams, for the entire water supply of Kentucky is likely to be polluted if the floods recur.

Utah Schools

Utah public school teachers have voted overwhelmingly not to sign contracts to teach next year, unless their demands for more state educational aid are met. They have asked the National Education Association to back them up by imposing "sanctions" if necessary, on the state's whole public school system.

The dispute arose when Republican Governor George C. Clyde and the legislature ignored the findings of an 18-months' study by a committee representing all elements in public education, which set the cost of modernizing the state elementary system at $24.5 million. The legislature, with the Governor's approval, appropriated only $11.6 million. The Utah Educational Association, state affiliate of the NEA, thereupon voted 7,785 to 189 that teachers should not sign contracts for the next school year unless their demands are met. Although salary scales in Utah are below the national median, the teachers are not asking for more generous treatment for themselves, but for modern teaching aids, more librarians, counselors, kindergarten teachers. In Colorado Springs on March 23, delegates to a seven-state conference of NEA affiliates, voted to ask the NEA to aid the cause "in every possible way."

"In every possible way" does not, presumably, mean a strike, for that is against NEA policy. It means that when conditions in a school district become sufficiently unsatisfactory to its teachers, the local, state and, upon the latter's approval, the national NEA, send out notices asking the district's teachers not to renew contracts and warns others not to sign contracts with the offending district. Such sanctions have not proven stunningly effective in the past, and have never even been attempted against a whole state.

Governor Clyde has written the NEA, asking that it not back the demands of the Utah teachers. He believes

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their actions are "unworthy of an organization of dedicated professional educators" and that, since two-thirds of all state appropriations go for education in one form or another, the legislature has been comparatively generous.

Who will win? The Governor, most likely. The legislature can convene before next fall only at his call. Also, cracks have appeared in the solid front of the educational organizations which favor the larger appropriation. The Utah School Boards Association – representing the direct employers of the teachers – has given notice that although it has not withdrawn from the Cooperating Agencies for Public Schools, which made the study and recommended the $24.5 million appropriation, it will hereafter make its own recommendations to the legislature.

Blunted Arrow's Head

"The Brigade," said President Kennedy in Miami last December to the Bay of Pigs prisoners after their release from Cuba, "is the point of the spear, the arrow's head." He was telling the men that they had embarked on an historic road, one followed by many of the great Latin American patriots before them. "Seventy years ago," he said, "Jose Martin, the guiding spirit of the first Cuban struggle for independence, lived on these shores." Then, as now, Cuba was the only state in the Hemisphere still controlled by a foreign monarch; then, as now, it was excluded from the society of free nations; then, as now, brave men in Florida and New York dedicated their lives and their energies to the freedom of their homeland.

Since President Kennedy had had, even by last December, occasion to reflect on the current European fascination with the past, it must be assumed that he did not mean to sound like de Gaulle, and that he was telling the Cubans to do something that he really did not want them to do, at least on their own. That is, he was playing a public relations trick. But not all the Cubans got the message; some thought he was giving them marching orders. Stepping up their resistance to Castro, and modeling their tactics on those of their forebears at the turn of the century, they came exceedingly close to recreating the sinking of the *Maine*, the target this time being two Soviet ships. The US Government at that point was obliged to rescue its foreign policy from the hands of the impulsive rebels. It warned the Cubans in Miami that no further raids from US territory would be tolerated. With the cooperation of the British, two attack boats and the crew of one of them were seized before they could reach Cuba; as of this writing, a third was still cruising at sea waiting for a chance to raid the island.

"Stop Molesting that Blankety-Blank Cat!"

During the Blackout

Between "a government without newspapers and newspapers without a government," said Thomas Jefferson, "I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." What local government without newspapers can mean received a quiet demonstration in New York City from December 8 to March 31. In the simple case of short-weighing butchers and grocers, city market inspectors found the cheaters increasingly willing to risk being fined. Conscience for them was the fear of notoriety through the papers.

Mayor Wagner several times spoke ruefully of Governor Rockefeller's luck in having the cover of darkness over his tax proposals, over Republican Party scandal and a balky legislature. The *Wall Street Journal* also saw the strike as favoring the Governor; "otherwise trouble stories in the New York press could easily have stirred broadcasters and papers across the nation to further spotlight Mr. Rockefeller's woes."

The city subsisted for the duration on stepped-up reports by radio and television, on out-of-town newspapers and on valiant local makeshifts. The silence was not that of the grave, but for deeds better done in

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private there was darkness enough. Eleven city commissioners or deputies won pay raises on March 7, one from $22,500 to $25,000, another $17,500 to $22,500, several $14,000 to $17,500. The printed word of the *Trumpet*, monthly bulletin of the Uniformed Fire Officers' Association, pierced the blackout in January to tell of an otherwise unannounced grant of $196 a year added to the take-home pay of firemen and policemen: annual cost to the city is estimated at around $7.5 million. Two or three months earlier the uniformed men had picketed City Hall with demands for more money, and the Mayor had given them a firm No.

Spared the inquisitorial eye of the New York press, the city council voted to shorten the retirement minimum for sanitation men from 30 years service to 25. It re-named the new $20 million ball park "The William A. Shea Municipal Stadium" after a friend of the Mayor's who helped bring the National League "Mets" to town. Mr. Wagner also appointed two $25,000-a-year judges whom the Bar Association's committee has termed "not qualified." During all of 1962, he had not once disregarded the committee's advice on such matters. Political payoffs and favors or feeble surrenders are not necessarily present here, but the timing attracts attention.

Then there was the Hulan Jack pension. Mr. Jack two years earlier had been removed from the Borough Presidency of Manhattan because of his conviction for accepting costly favors from a seeker of city contracts. The judge, although suspending the prison sentence, berated the "betrayal of trust." Quickly after the strike began, the former official was put back on the city payroll and on January 24, having served the required 30-day qualifying period, he was retired on a pension of $3,500 a year for the remainder of his life. The Mayor explained by radio, two months later, that the pension was purely "humanitarian" and its bestowal during the strike a coincidence.

On the same day that it granted the Hulan Jack pension, the Board of Estimate renewed a highly controversial lease which allows the Transit Mix Concrete Corporation to retain its city-owned base on the East River. The company for years operated in what was called the Gas House District. Then, some 15 years ago, a middle-income housing development cleared the depressed area and moved in 40,000 residents. For them there was only nuisance in Transit Mix noise, heavy traffic, air pollution. A citizen's committee, together with the neighborhood weekly paper, opposed continuance of the lease and pleaded for delay, at least until the larger newspapers could join the discussion. But the deal breezed through – a 10-year term with an unconditional option to renew the lease on the waterfront strip from 20th Street to 21st.

George Britt

FOREIGN REPORTS

Guatemala

What Price Anti-Communism

★ Less than two weeks after his meeting with the other Central American presidents and with President Kennedy in San Jose, Guatemala's Manuel Ydigoras Fuentes was thrown out of office in a typical palace revolution. The elderly *caudillo*, who had governed an increasingly restless nation for a little over five years, was flown into exile in Nicaragua. His ouster, he said, was "for the good of Guatemala and for the good of the rest of Central America." The new strong man, former Minister of Defense Colonel Enrique Peralta, has dissolved the Legislature and suspended the 1956 Constitution, thus removing the last pretense of democratic rule. Except for the elimination of Ydigoras' grasping relatives and increased pressure on both Guatemalan reformists and *fidelistas*, the new regime will bring about no significant changes. Colonel Peralta predicts "honest and democratic" elections fairly soon, but President Kennedy on April 3 expressed his desire for "assurances . . . as to when elections will be held." Mr. Kennedy admitted, however, on the question of recognizing governments that take power by force, "we haven't got a consistent policy because the circumstances are sometimes inconsistent." It may not matter. Colonel Peralta has presided over repeated electoral frauds in the past, and it was at his orders that the Army machine-gunned crowds of protesting students one year ago.

The motive for the barracks revolt, aside from long-standing dissatisfaction with Ydigoras' inept and dishonest rule, was the return to Guatemala a few days previously of Juan Jose Arevalo, leftist president from 1945 to 1951, and a candidate in the now-cancelled December election. Arevalo adroitly held the Communists at bay during his six years in office, but the Army has never forgiven him for his willingness to legalize the Communist Party (PGT) and his turning the government over to pro-Communist Colonel Jacobo Arbenz. After spending the last 12 years in exile in Venezuela and Mexico, Arevalo is now reported to be in hiding somewhere in Guatemala. Despite his antipathy to American free enterprise and his polemics against the US, Arevalo is an enemy of *fidelismo* as well; Cuban newspapers call him a "reactionary" and a "clown." He had been a front-runner in the scheduled 1963 presidential race.

The US has taken special interest in the governments of post-Arbenz Guatemala, because they, like the Trujillo, Somoza, and first Batista regimes, were brought

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into being by Washington. The wisdom of the CIA-sponsored overthrow of Arbenz in 1954 will long be debated. But in backing the invasion of Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas, it did put a damper on growing Soviet influence in Guatemala; it also fans into flame the always smouldering embers of anti-Americanism and encouraged the belief that only close ties with the USSR would permit a Caribbean revolutionary government committed to social reform to survive. Having installed a pro-US regime, the US has, from 1965 until the present, given Guatemala over $160 million in aid, a sum roughly equivalent, on a *per capita* basis, to what has been promised the rest of Latin America under the expanded *Alianza*.

The results have been disappointing. Under Castillo Armas and Ydigoras, economic development failed to keep pace with the nation's population growth of three percent a year; the Indian majority is worse off than it was ten years ago. Even the wealthy planters are being ruined; they exported ten percent more coffee in 1961 than the year before, but receipts fell by $10 million as a result of price declines. A few months ago, after gold and dollar reserves had dropped to a new low, foreign exchange controls over the *quetzal* had to be imposed for the first time since the 1920's. All there is to show for foreign aid to Guatemala – aside from some new roads, a few thousand houses, a number of water-supply systems, and an effective malaria-control program – is political instability and economic misery. A US Department of Labor bulletin issued last December sums up the current situation:

"An estimated 75 percent of Guatemalans over seven years old are illiterate. . . . Health conditions are poor. . . . Life expectancy is about 37 years, and there is an infant mortality rate of about 90 per 1,000 live births. . . . In 1961 it was estimated that there was only one physician for each 100,000 people in rural areas (in the US 1 per 740). . . . Average earnings of unskilled laborers in Guatemala City in 1960 were 7 cents an hour. . . . Most agricultural workers do not receive the proposed minimum wage (of 80 cents a day); on many farms the prevailing rate is 50 cents a day, and in some instances as low as 40 cents."

After the Administration's failure to accomplish anything by withdrawing Ambassador James Loeb from Peru and delaying recognition of the latest military coup there (Mr. Loeb was thereafter quietly dropped from the diplomatic service altogether), it is not likely to try the same tactic in Guatemala. Nor will it eliminate such useful aid programs as the supplying of several hundred thousand free primary readers to the backward Guatemalan school system.

But the military assistance program, totalling $650,000 for fiscal 1962, will be re-examined; the 8,000-man army is completely United States-equipped, and during the coup, as in Lima last year, it was a United States-supplied tank that broke down the gates of the presidential palace.

MIDDLE EAST

Ham-handed in Cairo

★ Until last week, President Nasser spoke softly in his talks with the Ba'ath Socialists of Iraq and Syria on implementing their ideal of a loose Arab union. Now, *Al Ahram*, the Cairo newspaper which often reflects Nasser's views, has fired a broadside at the Ba'athists in Syria, accusing them of trying to provoke the Egyptians while unity talks were in progress. Its broadcast by Cairo radio was followed in Damascus by pro-Nasser demonstrations which were abruptly stopped when the Army declared martial law.

If this was an attempt by President Nasser to scuttle the Syrian revolution and promote a resumption of Egyptian domination, it was heavy handed. The situation in Syria is extremely delicate. Neither the Nasserites nor the Ba'athists, the two major groups in the coalition government, has anything like a majority following. Any resumption of union with Egypt would have to be gently maneuvered. Ranged against it are the large merchant bourgeoisie who form the base of Syria's prosperity; the Muslim Brotherhood, opposed to both socialism and Nasser; the socialist leader, Akram al-Hawrani, who commands allegiance from the Syrian peasants and who detests Nasser; and the Communists, who have lost their privileged sanctuary in the Middle East since the Syrian coup. The Army will be at the center of any power struggle in Syria, and thus far its leader, General el-Attassi while not a member of the Ba'ath Party is supporting it.

SOUTH KOREA

He Didn't Say Yes; He Didn't Say No

★ General Park Chung Hee's Gaullist experiment in South Korea has collapsed, and he is now dithering between continuing as military boss or giving way to some sort of civilian-military coalition. The US which pumps the money into South Korea to keep it going, is pushing hard for civilian rule; President Kennedy said as much in a note to the General. Meanwhile, the country is sliding toward chaos; whatever resolutions there were of making it into a republic have disintegrated under the weight of unruly mob demonstrations. It had been hoped in Washington that when the junta took over in the spring of 1961 it could introduce some political cohesion and get the economy on its feet. While visiting journalists entertained the notion that

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Park was some sort of "strongman," his problem was the opposite. As long as he could reconcile the divergent elements of the junta, the General was able to push ahead with a few well-intentioned economic plans, such as squashing the black markets, but once the members fell to bickering over their roles in the Democratic-Republican Party – an organization formed to continue their power under civilian rule – the junta fell to pieces. The Democratic-Republicans were about the only hope since any real socialist opposition is made suspect by memories of the war and other political parties exist without any popular support.

In early February there had been some expectation that Korea and Japan would sign a treaty of reparations in the spring, which would have awarded Korea more than $500 million in grants and loans, restored trading relations, and generally given the economy a lift. The Japanese would have been encouraged to invest in Korea and the Koreans in turn could sell their food produce to Japan. The most touchy issue between the two concerns fishing privileges. The Koreans have forbidden the Japanese fleets to come within more than 60 miles of their coast. (Fishing rights usually extend 12 miles from shore.) There is ample reason why they should not want the Japanese nearby, since Japan's fleets are more mechanized and proficient and might exhaust the supply of prawn, which the Koreans catch. To complicate things further, the Japanese Socialists threaten to provoke an internal crisis should Mr. Ikeda's government sign a treaty with the Koreans, whom the Socialists feel are the puppets of the US, before North and South Korea have been reunified.

THE WEARY RAILOAD SYSTEM IS IN ITS DEATH THROES

Victorian England

London

Britain's nationalized railroads, a flabby, weary and over-extended system, have been slithering ever deeper into deficits since 1953 – the year private road haulage came into its own, released by the Churchill government from the tight controls of postwar socialism. By last year British Railways were running at an annual loss of £172 million and the taxpayers had at last begun to kick. Everyone knew that the railroads were inefficient, but no one knew just how inefficient; British Railways, staffed by operating enthusiasts and bossed by a gentlemanly, retired, left-of-center general, did not even trouble unduly to find out. But after the 1959 election, the Tories brought in a burly, accountancy-minded executive from Imperial Chemical Industries, Dr. Richard Beeching, gave him a salary of £24,000 (unheard-of in nationalized boardrooms), and told him to behave like a businessman. Now he has produced a report that has resounded into every Victorian cranny of the community.

Beeching found a 19th-Century network with depots every 2½ miles along the track, built to serve the horse-and-buggy age. He found trains carrying half-a-dozen passengers a trip. He found an incredibly wasteful (£75 million a year) system of handling miscellaneous merchandise, and even an unofficial subsidy by the railroads to the nationalized mining industry. His remedy, although old hat outside Britain, has startled and amazed a nation of train-lovers (who heard it all on their car radios). He wants to shut half the passenger stations (the half that now contributes exactly two percent of passenger revenue) and just under a third of route mileage. He will concentrate freight traffic at 100 depots, and he would like to introduce a fleet of "liner trains" carrying containers that can be rapidly transferred from road to rail. He does not promise to end the deficit, certainly not before 1970, but he expects to cut it down to what most other European countries now regard as acceptable.

But Victorian England dies hard, and Victorian Scotland still harder. The Beeching report has burst into politics proper. Shut out from Europe, the Conservatives have decided at long last to make Britain efficient by their own action – not just by the effect of Common Market competition. Their National Economic Development Council ("Neddy"), on which the trade unions proudly sit, has called for four percent economic growth annually. There is a new plan to modernize the docks, many of which betray their origin in the age of sail and most of which are badly behind their continental rivals. The government is even looking suspiciously at its open-ended farm subsidies (now running at £350 million a year) which, as now framed, can mean an extra £75-100 million to compensate home meat producers whenever cheap supplies come in from Argentina or Australasia. But the first real battle is over Beeching. The country Tories, settled in branch-

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line constituencies, don't like it a bit – and theirs are almost the only seats the government can hold these days at by-elections. But the Tory managers believe the damage will be greatest on the other side.

Labour's dilemma is slowly becoming obvious. The prospect of office has reunited the party under Harold Wilson. But it is still a unity of opposites, no longer of the straightforward Gaitskellite right versus left variety, but of technocrats versus industrial traditionalists. Many Labour politicians and union leaders know very well that life in (say) 1964 will be altogether different from life in 1945. Some have publicly welcomed Beeching as the first realistic look that has been given to a corner of Britain's total predicament. But to many others it is anathema to see the railways as anything other than a social service (like municipal housing) to be sustained because they are there, whatever it costs. The general secretary of the locomotive men's union was promptly forced into retirement within 24 hours of daring to tell his members that Beeching was right "to look practical necessities in the face." It is still doubtful whether Labour can really win a general election if it brands itself so readily with the image of waste and inefficiency.

And the Liberals, too, are on the spot. They have been mopping up anti-socialist votes, at the Tories' expense, in precisely those outlying areas that will be worst hit by the Beeching cuts – and also in the commuter suburbs where Beeching threatens to raise fares to an economic level. Will they cash in on the new protest vote, or will they stick to their vision of a modern, adaptable country? If the Liberals fluff this one the Tories could have less to fear from the new middle class than they think.

All three parties speak repeatedly of planning for transport. Beeching himself wants it, especially for cities like London and Glasgow, where the railroads must carry the bulk of the daily passenger traffic into town. But what Beeching insists on is that he will not pay the subsidy on these unremunerative peak-hour services: central or local government will have to cough up. Yet, outside this special problem, no one has begun to work out what planning will mean in practice. Labour, of course, will re-nationalize road transport, yet the suspicion is growing that when the party talks of coordination it really means shelling out still more to existing rail lines which serve hardly anyone, instead of providing the capital cost for trunk roads that have long been almost the worst in Western Europe. Shelling out to existing rail lines would please the rail unions; it would do nothing to clear away the clutter of Victorian bric-à-brac in this, and too many other, old-established concerns.

ALASTAIR BURNET

THE FRENCH HAVE BEEN SOLIDLY BEHIND THE MINERS

De Gaulle and the Strike

Paris

The French Institute of Public Opinion (*Institut Français d'Opinion Publique*) has just published the results of the latest of its regular quarterly surveys conducted for the Government. For the first time since his accession to power in May, 1958, General de Gaulle's popularity has dropped below 50 percent. In January, 1963, it was 64 percent, and in February 55 percent. In March it was only 47 percent. According to the replies to the various questions, this surprising drop in popularity has but one cause: the mine workers' strike.

Such unanimously favorable sentiment toward strikers is unprecedented in the recent history of the Republic. The mine workers are being supported solidly not only by the laboring class which suffers the brunt of the high cost of living, not only by the peasants who are the victims of industrial reconversion, but by all the various strata of France's economy, including those who may have to suffer a coal shortage as a result of the strike. One can even say that this support is spearheaded by the extremely powerful French Catholic Church instead of by the Communist Party, as would normally be the case.

In the mining areas collections are being taken up at church exits, and appeals for aid to the mine workers are being launched by bishops of the church. In factories, banks, and workshops, employees are allocating a day's pay for the strikers. At the mining sites gifts of cash and goods arrive daily. Rarer still, the engineers, who are the Brahmins of the General Confederation of Supervisory Personnel and a class unto themselves, have made common cause with workers who, ever since Emile Zola's famous novel, *Germinal*, have been known as the "black-throats."

Equally remarkable, this solidarity did not slacken

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after four weeks, and after the strike had spread. Traditionally, a long-drawn-out strike arouses public impatience and irritation and rapidly becomes unpopular. This is particularly true when, as is beginning to happen, the organized work stoppage disrupts the everyday life of the lowliest workers. For some days now workers on the outskirts of Paris could not be certain of getting to their jobs because transportation is so irregular; housewives can no longer count on having electricity when they want it.

Why this continuing solidarity? First, the mine workers' strike is completely non-political. The Communist-influenced central union organization did not follow out the strike order issued by Christian and Socialist trade unionists until much later, and then only to avoid being stranded. The mining regions are those which voted most overwhelmingly for General de Gaulle and against the Leftist parties, and all subsequent efforts made by the Leftist parties to make political capital out of the strike have failed. The Government – de Gaulle himself – did try to lend credibility to the notion that the strike was caused by foreign Communist influence, but in the face of evidence to the contrary and realizing the widespread public reaction of incredulity to the accusation, it said no more of this.

Secondly, the cost of living has risen out of all normal proportion. The prosperity of France has aroused worldwide comment; it does indeed exist. And it is notable that, unlike Great Britain and the Federal Republic of Germany, France has no unemployment problem. There is full employment throughout the country. Poles and Spaniards are finding work. It has been easy to absorb the million French repatriates from North Africa; and if North African and black African laborers live in misery, this is largely because they are unskilled. But the rising cost of living and the generally unjust income distribution have created problems which are, paradoxically, more serious in prosperous times than in times of recession.

For example, mine workers certainly have one of the most arduous and painful jobs in the world, particularly in France. The location and quality of the coal makes it necessary to mine the ore at great depths and for the most part lying flat on the ground, practically in bed with the drill-hammer. There is a high incidence of occupational disease (approximately 35 percent of the miners suffer from silicosis). Nevertheless, the situation of today is in no way comparable to what it was even a scant decade or so ago. As a class they have moved from absolute wretchedness to mere poverty. Laws providing for social security, retirement pay, pensions, family allowances, etc., have given them a slightly more decent life. Furthermore, whereas in the past all avenues of progress were blocked to the miners, today it is possible for them to hope. And precisely because they dare to hope, they are in a sense worse off than before. Up to their necks in debt for credit payments, their budget is tautly adjusted to a certain cost of living, and when this goes up it upsets their whole economic equilibrium.

What has been said of the mine workers is true in varying degrees of all sectors of the economy. Consequently, despite her prosperity (which has particularly benefited the middle and wealthier classes), France is riper now for social agitation than it was before.

The non-political nature of the strike and the rise in the cost of living bring to mind a third cause, inherent in the nature of the de Gaulle regime and in the personality of the General. These strikes are a most serious blow to the Chief Executive. In his name the Prime Minister, Georges Pompidou, had declared that 1963 was to be "the social year" of the Fifth Republic. Great projects were being drawn up; plans were being devised to outflank the leftism of the trade unions; the Communists were to be vanquished by showing the voters that present-day de Gaullism was a better gamble than future Sovietism. General de Gaulle has always dreamed of setting up his famous "association of capital and labor," which would so interest the workers in the profits of their company as to bring about a veritable social revolution.

As always, the General's reaction was unpredictable. Deeply involved in his European politicking, concerned about his relations with the United States and England, taken up with a solemn reception in France for the President of Mexico designed to inaugurate the promotion of a European presence in Latin America, de Gaulle was first irritated by the mine workers, then exasperated at their popularity, especially among the Catholics toward whom his regime cherished a degree of warmth. It was then that he adopted an attitude somewhat comparable to that taken when confronting the Army (when the latter opposed his Algerian policy), and later when confronting the French political parties (when they opposed the presidential regime): in short, he sought to stand alone against those who were thwarting him. In his lone stand against the Army and against the parties he had had but one weapon: television. Now, very suddenly, the General has ceased to speak out.

Heretofore, the war in Algeria and a general feeling of insecurity made all the French feel that the General was irreplaceable. This is no longer true, and de Gaulle knows it. Daily for the past two weeks the announcement has gone out that he would speak on TV, yet he remains silent, preferring "to let the strike rot away." And to his ministers he leaves the task of braving unpopularity and of maneuvering for position.

Jean Daniel

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THOUSANDS OF ANGRY, YOUNG MEN AWAIT RECRUITMENT

Violence in the Universities

Mexico City

The behavior of left-wing students has become, for Latin American governments, a barometer of Castro's intentions. And the behavior of pro-Castro students in Mexico – until the March 15th events at the University of San Nicholas, Morelia – had been reassuring. Specifically, Mexican students had heretofore used their own guns when engaged in serious fighting. This detail was important, for it symbolized the difference between Cuban policy in Mexico and Cuban policy in Venezuela or Colombia, where students had been fighting with weapons stolen from the government.

Outside the campus, Castro and his Mexican supporters still are observing a tacit set of ground rules. They do not engage in sabotage; they are not upsetting the remarkable balance that exists in the Mexican government between extreme right and extreme left; they observe restraint in public criticism of the President – in fact the Marxist leader Vicente Lombardo Toledano has been supporting the President's candidacy for the Nobel Peace Prize.

In return, Mexico has discouraged Cubans from taking refuge at the Mexican Embassy in Havana; has permitted essential commodities to trickle, unrecorded, from the United States to Cuba via Mexico; and has permitted trainees from Cuban guerrilla schools to trickle back, unrecorded, into Latin America (including Mexico itself).

Then came the Morelia events of March 15th. The rioting in that picturesque, historic city looked fairly routine at first. A faction of students and professors had gotten the university president fired; another faction had captured several campus buildings and staged a violent strike to protest the firing.

The deposed president, Eli de Gortari, Doctor of Letters, had taken office shortly after the Bay of Pigs disaster. A scholarly Marxist, he himself had fired 34 conservative faculty members, including professors of medicine and physics, for neglect of duty. The dispute precipitated by his action was almost identical with the trouble that had just been cleared up at the University of Puebla, where the pattern had included, as usual, the Bay of Pigs, a president who had been fired, and student riots.

It was not much different either from the University of Guadalajara, where followers of a pro-Castro student nicknamed "The Gorilla" had fatally shot an anti-Castro student. (When the police came after "The Gorilla" he took refuge in the offices of the *Partido Revolucionario Institutional*, the government party.)

What made the Morelia riots distinctive were the names assumed by the student paramilitary units supporting the deposed university president – the "Lenin Brigade" and the "Red Arrow," among others – and the fact that they got weapons by raiding government armories. As pointed out by a conservative faculty-student group in Mexico City: "Communist agitators in Morelia now operate by the guerrilla tactics that have yielded such good results in Venezuela. . . . All that is missing is bank robberies."

At the climax of the Morelia disturbance, left-wing students rushed with captured weapons to the roof of the Fine Arts Building. Army troops, maintaining martial law in the city, were stationed in the street below. The students pelted them with tear-gas grenades, Molotov cocktails and, finally, bullets. Several soldiers were hit. The troops fired back "into the air," according to official reports. The students then retreated, leaving one of their number dead. He had been shot in the back. There is still some debate whether the bullet had come from the street below or from Communists on the roof. The nearly horizontal angle of the fatal wound made the latter explanation seem possible.

The following day official sources in Morelia denied that there had been any arrests. Later the state governor admitted that arrests had been made after all, that the nature of the offenses had been established, but that the matter was "very delicate." Finally the state attorney-general released the names of the prisoners and the charges against them: robbery, use of firearms, sedition, and involvement in homicide.

This explained the delicacy of the matter. Mexican police are not finicky about taking prisoners, but charges as specific as these are rare because they tend to upset political balances.

The prisoners were all pro-Castro. Among them were two *comandantes* of the Red paramilitary units: José Herrera Peña, a Professor of History and Logic, who had trained for 18 months in Cuba; and Efrén Capiz Villegas, a "student" 45 years old who has been working toward his degree for 17 years.

Frustrated students like Capiz Villegas are the bane of academic life in Latin America. "They come to the university classroom," said the Mexico City newspaper *Excelsior*, "lacking the most elementary notions

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in academic disciplines, only to fail (continually) through inability or ignorance." The underdeveloped student in Latin America may yet prove a tougher problem than the underdeveloped economy. To put the dilemma in its bluntest form, land can be given to the landless, but not brains to the brainless.

"The new strategy of Communism," warned Dr. Enrique Huertas Pozo, president of the College of Cuban Physicians in Exile, "is to capture youth in the universities, since it has become apparent that the working class in this hemisphere is reluctant to adopt [Communist] doctrine." And *Excelsior* editorialized: "The Cuban experience has made [the Marxists] understand that it is easier to throw students into the struggle for power than workers or peasants."

This fact has yet to dawn fully on US strategists below the Rio Grande, who seem to be reading the older books on Marxism – though President Kennedy showed a grasp of the new alignment in his successful speech at the University of Costa Rica, March 20.

An army of hundreds of thousands of young, angry, first-line fighters awaits recruitment on Latin American campuses. Castro has been working on them for years; more lately competition for their loyalty has developed between Khrushchev on the one hand and the Castro-Mao Tse-tung combination on the other. My guess is that Khrushchev does not stand a chance.

Ralph Winnet

Population and the Pill

Warnings by demographers and public health officers that within a few decades population control will become the world's most critical public health problem have added a note of urgency to the search for the ideal contraceptive. It must be harmless, reliable, cheap, easy to use and reversible in its effect, so that a couple can have a child when they stop using it. At present no contraceptive method meets all of these requirements, but the one that comes closest is "the pill." To date two pills have been approved by the Food and Drug Administration for use as oral contraceptives; they are sold by prescription only, under the proprietary names *Enovid* and *Norlutin*. Both contain a synthetic hormone that prevents ovulation. They must be taken for 20 days each month, beginning with the fifth day of the menstrual cycle. To permit normal menstruation, a woman stops taking the pills for two or three days; after the menstrual period, she resumes the 20-day cycle with the pill.

The method falls short of the ideal for two reasons. First, the regimen must be followed to the letter; if a woman forgets to take the pill for even one day during the cycle, she has a chance of becoming pregnant. Second, the pills are relatively expensive (a year's supply costs about $45), which inhibits their use by the couples (and nations) that need them most. Moreover, because they cannot be obtained without a prescription in the US, a physician's fee must be added to the cost.

The pills are apparently more effective than any other contraceptive. In large-scale field tests conducted during the past six years in Puerto Rico and in several cities in the US, including New York, Los Angeles and San Antonio, no woman who took the pills exactly as prescribed became pregnant.

Despite this remarkable clinical effectiveness, the present pill, or even an improved and less costly version of it, will be of very limited value in diminishing the population explosion either in this country or in most others, chiefly because of religious and political opposition to its use. In January the UN voted down, 69 to 0, a proposal to include birth control assistance in UN technical aid programs. Twenty-seven nations abstained, including the US, which had previously broken a political tradition by supporting the proposal. Fierce opposition came from many predominantly Catholic countries, including some in Latin America, one of the regions where population growth is most acute (the other is southwest Asia), and to a lesser extent from the Communist bloc, which maintains that because Communism can fulfill all human needs, population control is unnecessary. Many underdeveloped nations also were unenthusiastic, since they look suspiciously on proposals from predominantly white, Western nations that there should be fewer non-white non-Westerners, especially when the Western nations do nothing about their own population growth.

There are a few signs that point the other way, however. Sweden, the only nation that dares to touch the subject, has initiated a small foreign aid program that emphasizes birth control. President Nasser's government sells the pill below cost (at $5.60 for a year's supply) to the women of Egypt. Japan has stabilized its birthrate by a courageous and drastic program that involves an information program, birth control clinics,

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and legalized abortions, which are performed at the rate of more than one million per year, by licensed physicians for a standard fee of less than $10, most of which can be retrieved through health insurance.

In this country, fear of offending one group or another has paralyzed every Administration to the point where even the recent weak, tentative US stand in the UN must be regarded as a major breakthrough. On this matter, the Catholic Church, whose members constitute a minority of US voters, has succeeded in impressing its moral doctrine on the political policy of the nation. One must, of course, draw a distinction between the position of the Catholic hierarchy and the practice of the laity. There is some doubt whether all or even most Catholics support the position voiced by the celibate clergy. And even among the clergy there are some who question the wisdom of the Church's inflexible position. Still, it would take a daring politician to challenge the clergy at the polls.

The main issue is rarely brought into focus. Instead of debating whether or not a church has the *right* to obstruct the distribution of contraceptives and contraceptive information to those who want it, almost everyone concerned – statesmen, legislators, journalists and even sociologists and clinicians – have accepted the inevitability of the status quo, regarding it as a "given" in the calculus of politics and the possible. If birth control measures were to be *imposed* by government on the American people or any other people, the Church would have a right to object; but nothing except a profound indifference to the religious belief or unbelief of others can explain the Church's antagonism to making contraceptive techniques cheaply and easily available to individuals who are free to accept or reject them according to their own consciences, customs and economic circumstances.

The political impasse on population control renders US economic aid worthless in many nations. As one economist put it, the underdeveloped nations are on an economic treadmill; because of their exploding populations they will have to run harder, at tremendous cost, even to stand still. A massive birth-control program, backed by US subsidies to help defray the costs of clinics and pills, might stabilize or at least slow down the population growth in critical areas, but this aid will not be forthcoming until the obstructionism of the Church becomes the subject of closer public scrutiny and criticism. And that will not happen until the unemployed, underfed, ill-housed hordes in Latin America, Asia and Africa get a lot angrier, a lot noisier and a lot more violent. When the population problem worsens from critical to disastrous, some future Administration might conclude that it has no choice, that pills are cheaper than bombs, less dangerous than Communism, and considerably more humane.

WILLIAM E. BOGGS

Retraining's Brave Promise

by Frank C. Porter

A computer and a handful of men are able to do the work of dozens in a petroleum cracking plant; vending machines dispense theater and pari-mutuel tickets, hot meals and insurance policies; huge power shovels idle thousands of strip miners and mechanical cotton pickers displace field hands; assembly line workers bow to programmed robots. This grim story of how we are failing to keep pace with our own technical inventiveness is told in full in the President's first annual Manpower Report, released last month.

The Administration's attack is two-pronged. It sees one cause of our mounting unemployment as the lack of sufficient consumer and investment demand. It seeks to cure this through such monetary and fiscal measures as credit policies and tax reduction and reform. But it also views the enforced idleness of millions as the product of profound structural changes. To cope with these, it has devised a program which focuses mainly on education, seeking to reduce teenage drop-outs, improve high school career counseling, cut down on "functional illiteracy," increase lagging enrollment in apprenticeship programs and increase the number of graduate students in science and engineering.

The jobless unemployed coal miner or cotton picker cannot, however, wait upon an overhaul of the general educational system. He needs immediate retraining for work he is capable of performing – and that is needed. "The lot of the poorly educated or insufficiently skilled,

FRANK C. PORTER *writes for* The Washington Post.

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always hard, will become harder," Vannevar Bush wrote last year. "The man-in-the-rut, who loses his rut, will need retraining at society's expense and, as we have already come to know, the retraining will not always take." The task has become far too big for business to handle alone. In Sweden, which has had retraining programs for more than a decade, authorities estimate that to be effective they must keep at least one percent of the country's blue collar labor force enrolled simultaneously. In the US, such public programs began in the states about 1957 but they have been extremely limited in size and success.

The Federal retraining concept was born with the Area Redevelopment Act, passed by the Congress in May, 1961. Training courses were provided under state or Department of Health, Education and Welfare auspices for unemployed or underemployed workers in designated areas of high joblessness, with weekly Federal living allowances equal to unemployment compensation up to 16 weeks.

A much broader program began last August with the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1962, which authorized the spending of $435 million over three years to retrain more than 400,000 workers and give limited on-the-job training to 250,000 others. Training allowances are roughly the equivalent of unemployment benefits and extend up to 52 weeks. The Federal Government will bear the full cost of the program up to June 30, 1964; after that the various states will pay half.

A third program, the Trade Expansion Act of 1962, providing retraining, subsistence allowances and relocation assistance for those workers displaced by foreign competition, is not expected to be implemented until next year at the earliest.

A further measure, awaiting Congressional approval, is the Youth Employment Bill to give youngsters work experience in conservation and public service projects as well as training.

So far the impact of existing programs on the economy has been negligible. As of March 8 this year, some 340 Area Redevelopment Act projects involving about 18,000 trainees had been authorized; about 9,000 had completed their instruction and of these roughly 60 percent had been placed in jobs. Under the Manpower Development and Training Act, 770 projects and 27,000 trainees had been authorized by March 8; there are no available figures on the number who have completed their courses. However, as of the end of last December, just under 2,000 had been retrained, of whom some 70 percent had found employment, almost all in training-related jobs.

Retraining's brave promise has had to contend with worker indifference or unawareness and functional illiteracy; and the program has tended to skim off the cream of the unemployed, those individuals who need training the least.

When Armour & Co. laid off 433 packinghouse workers because of automation three years ago, it set up a tripartite board to attempt their relocation in new jobs. Only 170 indicated an interest in learning new skills such as typing, blueprint reading and welding. Sixty were found suitable for the program; 58 took the course, and at last reports only 17 were working at jobs connected with their training.

Again, a study by William B. Dickinson, Jr., of *Editorial Research Reports*, shows that only 84 persons completed courses in a Connecticut state project out of an original 3,500 semi-skilled jobseekers screened.

The first project under ARA met with a similar fate. Of 1,015 long-term unemployed in Huntington, W. Va., who were notified of the program, only 640 appeared for aptitude tests. And of these, only 240 qualified for retraining. West Virginia officials have estimated that fully half the state's unemployed can't be retrained because of functional illiteracy. Most of these may have gone to school but they cannot read or understand arithmetic well enough to hold even most menial jobs. (The Federal Government defines functional illiteracy as less than a fifth grade education.)

The Giant Step

"All of the retraining we have done to date has been with people generally who have a higher IQ, a better education level," says David L. Francis, chairman of the Governor's Manpower Utilization Committee in West Virginia. "Those with the lower education level haven't even been sought out and are the ones who are really the basic, hard core, chronic unemployed."

The Labor Department, which approves and supervises projects under both ARA and MDTA, is well aware that most retraining to date hasn't got at the hard-core unemployables. Seymour Wolfbein, chief of the Department's Office of Manpower, Automation and Training, tells of a pilot project in Norfolk, Va., where trainees were recruited by actively seeking them out in such places as barber shops and pool halls and through ministers and other community leaders. "You can't get them by the usual means, through mailed notices or newspaper announcements," an aide explains. "You must have direct contact." Some 200 unemployed, all Negro (although MDTA programs are not segregated), were surveyed. One hundred are getting direct training for 52 weeks at Virginia State College; 50 are receiving guidance and counseling only, and the remaining 50 are serving as a control group and are getting a basic course in the three R's.

Are we expecting too much from retraining? When and if some hundreds of thousands are enrolled in

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these programs a few years hence, the contribution may be only marginal. Retraining's function in large part is remedial; it seeks to make up for deficiencies in earlier training. Even the President's vast plans to upgrade education in general must be supplemented by a variety of other measures. The racial discrimination that helps keep 900,000 Negroes on the jobless rolls must be eliminated. Improved techniques for reporting job opportunities as well as idle workers must be found. Worker mobility must be increased.

But the programs will serve a purpose if only they can shake the outmoded assumption that worker skills can last a lifetime. In his Manpower Report, the President suggested that more and more will require continuous education, a sort of perpetual on-the-job training. As a corollary, a more conscientious program of job escalation among those who are working would open up millions of new opportunities requiring lesser skills for those who aren't.

Alfred North Whitehead once observed that the terrible sufferings of the Industrial Revolution were the consequences of a giant step in technological innovation with no corresponding step at all in social, political or economic innovation. We are now trying to take that corresponding step. But it is not yet a giant step and it is unsure.

Religion in the Public Schools

Catholic Children at Least Can Lose Their Faith

by Michael Novak

The New Republic's two notes on church-related schools (March 2 and 23) made a significant break with secular absolutism as it bears on public education, but I do not think that the editors reached the heart of the argument. So far, the discussion has been directed at the question of *church*-related schools; on this score, I think the editors have been eminently just. The parochial schools do not exist to separate Catholic children from secular culture, but to give them every secular advantage *together with* something the public schools do not give: education in religion. I see no reason why the program of "reorganizing parochial instruction," which the editors suggest, cannot be carried out in most secular subjects. There are problems in literature and in history, but not insoluble ones. Catholics, for example, may find more to respond to in a poet like Gerard Manley Hopkins or T. S. Eliot, than religiously neutral teachers may point out; so long as Catholic teachers do not slight the secular or the rebellious writers, such emphasis is pedagogically sound. Correspondingly, history textbooks in the public schools are sometimes years behind the best contemporary scholarship; their treatment of the Catholic period of Western history is sometimes insensitive and anachronistic. Much would be gained if Catholic textbook writers were to sit down with their secular counterparts to work out texts suitable for both public and parochial education.

But Paul Goodman in another issue of *The New Republic* (March 16) warned of the deadliness of compromise which avoids controversy. He wrote that the American high school course is "more and more tightly standardized, scheduled, and graded. . . . Rival world-views, whether folk, traditional, sectarian, or artistically and philosophically heretical, are less and less available; the exposure to the one world-view is always more intense and swamping. . . . Suppose a young fellow happens to become disaffected from this 'reality.' He is not likely to know of other possibilities of philosophy, political dissent, religious faith, artistic tradition, free science. He is almost forced to withdraw into his own guts . . . to exploit the public style as a hipster for his private power." The effort to make parochial schools conform to public standards should not go so far that it destroys their distinctiveness.

Even if the parochial schools retain their special character, subject to public satisfaction and assisted by public funds for secular purposes, still, 85 percent of our children are in the public schools. They are the ones most endangered by the "swamping" Mr. Goodman describes. Catholic children in parochial schools are at least aware of an alternative: they can lose their

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faith. The fear which Americans have of offending one another – or of being offended – the fear of ideas not their own, creates a problem for the public schools more significant than the problem created by the presence of parochial schools. This is the problem of religion *in* the public schools, and this problem has hardly been touched.

The secular thinker, of course, does not think that religion has anything essential to contribute to education, because it has little to say about the good life. Religion seems to him an accident, an archaic residue from the Old World, like Swedishness or Irishness, which must pass away. "God," John Dewey said, "is the union of the ideal and the actual," in a connection in which he meant that religion consists in the realizing of justice and fellow-feeling in the social and political order.

To the religious man, however, education is more than training in the skills, insights, and techniques of social and political action. It must also deal with man's destiny, his history, the identity of the individual, his hierarchy of goals, his motivations. In their professional disciplines, the religious and the secular thinker may be at one in their methods and their conclusions; on questions such as these others, they are no longer of the same spirit. If the public schools do not treat of such questions, on the grounds that they are divisive or are not amenable to scientific resolution, then from the religious point of view the public schools are favoring the secularist; for it is a moot point whether how to live the good life is a secular inquiry. As things are now, the student in the public school may officially be taught that it is "undemocratic" to treat the Negro unfairly; but he may not be taught that the Negro stands equal with him in the sight of God, and is in fact more beloved because he suffers more.

It is of little avail for a freshman to come to Purdue or UCLA with religious ideas that have had no development since Calvin, and were learned by rote at home or at church. He needs to know what he means when he says "God." He needs to know by what criteria God judges human action and how eternity and time, religion and secular concerns, are related. He needs to decide to what religious tradition or authority he can most confidently turn for sophistication, criticism, and stimulation of his own inquiries. He needs to weigh the impact of history, the discoveries of science, and the fashions of philosophy upon the content of his beliefs. He is responsible for the intellectual creativity of religion in his time, as his forebears were in theirs. He is the agent by which religion will, or will not, intellectually appropriate the lessons of his culture, and thus continue the dialogue between God and His people which advances through history.

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Education in the Basement

Now it is unrealistic to think that the intellectual task awaiting the religious man can be done entirely outside his schooling, after hours, at Sunday School, in the church basement. (Both John Updike and Philip Roth give us images of *that.*) If religion is intellectually bankrupt in America, with little understanding or restless ferment or even consistency, surely it is because of the abysmal state of religious education. It cannot be otherwise when the Sunday School is so far from the business offices, when the public school limits religion to irrelevance, when the petty quarrels among religious people prevent them from seeing the magnitude of their common educational task. America does not benefit by millions of church-goers not seeming to see the relevance of the Gospels or biblical history to the intellectual and social struggles of our time. Nor are separate religious schools the solution. The parochial school system is gradually giving Roman Catholics the most highly educated laity in the Church's history; but for various reasons, especially the lack of intellectual tradition in most Catholic families, the expedient of a separate school system is not producing the results the nation might hope of it. Upon graduation, students from Catholic schools are scarcely distinguishable from their companions from the public schools. The Catholics overload their teaching nuns and make money-raisers and school-builders of their priests, in the impossible hope of putting "every Catholic child in a Catholic school," only to find that preoccupation with money and administration has caused them to lose touch with the Gospels, and that their children are often as religiously unmotivated and uncritical as the rest.

Religion in America – intellectually weak, academically irrelevant, and often publicly hypocritical – will not be revivified until it is effectively present in the public schools. The attempt in these schools to stay neutral on ultimate questions means in practice that ultimate questions are not raised; and those for whom secular purposes, values, and motivations are finally meaningless receive no help in formulating other views of life than the secular view. It is no excuse to say that such help would be divisive; we live in a pluralistic country. It is no excuse to say that such help is not essential; that is already to take the secular view.

It may, however, be an excuse to ask: Who would teach these courses in questions of belief? How could inter-party suspicions and fears be overcome? Would

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Catholics entrust their children to explanations given by an atheist? Would the children of atheists be affronted by the teaching of a Seventh Day Adventist? The difficulties are formidable; even their formulation has yet to be attempted. But the alternative is to surrender this nation to a secular vision of life, which, in the judgment of many of us, would be a misfortune.

What beginnings can be made toward a solution? In these days of ecumenical enthusiasm and exchange, it may at last be possible for Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, and secular scholars to sit down and prepare pilot textbooks explaining conjointly the history and purposes of their various world-views. Geddes MacGregor's *Introduction to Religious Philosophy* is one book, among others, that may suggest a neutral way to put the questions. Ministers, priests, rabbis, and secular thinkers might be drawn into the program, either in the teachers colleges or in the public schools themselves; but as scholars, not as preachers. Who knows? In the sparks and questionings that might fly, perhaps American education would be at its liveliest in decades, with the whole populace drawn into the discussions. It would begin to matter what one thought. Religious commitment, of course, must be left to the individual's private conscience, to his personal advisers and confidants, to the churches. But the notions, the alternatives, and the presuppositions and the reasons for them, *can* be taught in the public school.

Religion Is Not Dull

But isn't religion "caught, not taught"? Catholic students often complain that their religion courses are the dullest and least satisfactory in the curriculum; why should we carry this dullness into the public school? Even courses on "world religions" in non-sectarian prep schools and universities are notoriously innocuous and boring. Religious concepts need to be taught, for they do not merely "happen," and they are often difficult and upsetting; but *how* should they be taught? I suggest that the teaching of religion in the parochial school and the sectarian class is dull because it is one-sided; it does not answer the questions of life. Children are shown one path to insight, one set of concepts, whereas the human mind is many-sided. Roman Catholic children, for example, would be better *Catholics* if they learned their faith in the light of alternatives. At each age level there are appropriate methods for presenting alternatives, without demanding of the child powers of discrimination beyond his years, or raising him as an abiding agnostic. Clearly teenagers have questions which a one-sided education cannot answer; it is no accident that apostasies from the traditional faiths which are confirmed in college have usually been well-advanced in high school.

In my view the teaching of religion in the public schools would necessarily avoid the one-sidedness of parochial education. But everything depends on how searching the teaching is. If the teacher tries to be non-controversial, to challenge no one, to upset no one, it would be better for him not to teach religion. Here Socrates is correct: religious notions are among those which cannot be learned except through inner confusion, unsettling questions, and progressive change of personal attitudes and beliefs. There are, consequently, two general criteria for the realistic teaching of religion in an open, public forum like the public schools: (1) the presentation of the alternatives must be *fair;* adult representatives of each group must have an opportunity to formulate the teaching, whether in the textbooks or in the classroom; (2) the presentation must be *realistic, applied, concrete.* Each religious view has its advantages and disadvantages when confronted with certain political, social, or personal facts. The student must be led to see that if he chooses one alternative he must have reasons strong enough to counterbalance the disadvantages pointed out by textbook teachers, and classmates; and he must have help in formulating these reasons.

I do not see how such teaching can fail to be disturbing, controversial, and beneficial. The good will requisite to the preparation of text-books and teachers, and the supplanting of present mutual suspicion by mutual trust, will be hard to summon up, but the time seems ripe and, in any case, argument among free men is democracy's *raison d'être.* It is only in the public schools that religion can become relevant to the actual notions of Americans about the goals of this nation and the characteristics of the good life for the community and the person. The split between religion and public education is one reason, I submit, for the present coexistence of the platitudinous and the amoral. There has been so much silence for so long that the task of presenting religion in the public schools is of forbidding proportions; the cure for that is hard work now.

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How Trujillo Died

by Norman Gall

The assassination of the Dominican Republic's Rafael L. Trujillo was carried out with assistance from the US Central Intelligence Agency. Arms for the May 30, 1961, slaying of the 69-year-old dictator on a lonely stretch of highway near his capital were smuggled by the CIA into the country at the request of the assassins, according to highly-qualified sources I interviewed in Santo Domingo shortly after the collapse of the Trujillo rule.

The arms had to come from the outside, I was told, because of the close scrutiny imposed by Trujillo on the removal of guns from military bases. These controls blocked the conspirators from obtaining their own weapons without awakening suspicion, despite the involvement in the plot of the Secretary of State for the Armed Forces, Gen. Jose Rene Roman Fernandez, and other leading military officers.

The CIA began shipping arms to the Dominican Republic in late 1960, following a series of talks between US Consul Henry Dearborn, Chief Political Officer John Barfield of the US Consulate, and Luis Amiama Tio, who had extensive banana and cattle holdings and had been mayor of Santo Domingo. Also involved in the plot was Antonio Imbert who had been Governor of Puerto Plata province. Both Amiama and Imbert are tough guys and ambitious. Last November, both were made four-star generals by the provisional Council that took over after Trujillo's death. However, when leading army officers balked at their elevation to the highest military rank, Amiama and Imbert said the honor bestowed upon them was too great and modestly demoted themselves to brigadier-generals.

1960 was a bad year for the Dominican Republic. The economy was in the dumps. The country was in disgrace internationally as a result of Trujillo's backing of a plot against the life of Venezuelan President Romulo Betancourt. In June, a car full of explosives blew up alongside Betancourt's automobile during a Caracas Armed Forces Day procession, wounding the President and killing two others. A Venezuelan naval officer later admitted that the elaborate bomb was prepared in the Dominican Republic, presumably as an act of retaliation against Venezuela for having asked the OAS in February, 1960, to censure Trujillo for "flagrant violations of human rights."

In August that same year, the Organization of American States did censure the Dominican Republic, and the US and several Latin American nations thereupon suspended diplomatic relations with the Trujillo regime, though Washington kept a consulate in Ciudad Trujillo to protect its commercial interests.

This was one of the stormiest periods of Trujillo's 31-year rule. On June 14, 1959, the Dominican Republic's southern coast had been invaded by Cuba-based Dominican exiles. They were wiped out, but then Trujillo uncovered a plot to kill him, only 24 hours before it was to be carried out on January 21, 1960. Mass purges, arrests and some killings followed. Tensions within the regime mounted rapidly, as did its Byzantine-style ruler's greed. Assuming the presidency of the Dominican Central Bank, the dictator forced exporters, as part of an "austerity" program, to deposit with the bank half of their dollar earnings, which soon found their way into Trujillo accounts abroad.

During this time, Trujillo was completing an intensive drive, begun in the mid-1950's with the purchase of the Haina complex of sugar mills and lands in the southern part of the Republic, to expand sugar production and appropriate more and more of it to himself. He went so far as to deprive thousands of peasant families of their squatters' settlements, forcing them to sell their cattle and work as sugar peons. It had been hoped, of course, that the Dominican Republic would get a generous share of the US sugar quota previously allotted to Cuba. An intensive Washington lobbying campaign was carried on to this end, largely through the Dominican Consul-General in Washington, Marco A. Pena. In the late summer of 1960, Congress did raise the Dominican allotment from 27,000 to 250,000 tons, but President Eisenhower slapped a punitive excise tax on it in September, after the OAS ministerial conference voted economic sanctions against the Trujillo regime and a break of diplomatic relations.

As Trujillo's political and financial problems deepened, talks continued between Dearborn, Barfield and leaders of the anti-Trujillo conspiracy. Toward the end of 1960, contact was established between Amiama and a CIA agent who, according to Arturo R. Espaillat, former head of Trujillo's Military Intelligence Service, was named Plato Cox. Espaillat made this state-

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NORMAN GALL, *a reporter with the* San Juan Star, *has visited Santo Domingo several times since the assassination of Rafael L. Trujillo.*

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ment in a press conference in Ottawa last year; his word alone cannot, of course, be accepted as conclusive proof. But whatever the name of the agent, the smuggling of firearms into the Republic for the assassination began.

The key link between the assassins and the CIA in the arms shipments was a long-time American civilian resident of Ciudad Trujillo, Lorenzo Berry, otherwise known as "Wimpy," who operated a supermarket in a fashionable neighborhood where Trujillo also lived. "Wimpy" was put under brief arrest after the killing but was later allowed to leave the country.

The weapons were imported in small parts, to be assembled later by the plotters, among the routine grocery shipments for the supermarket arriving regulary in the capital's port. The gun-parts entered the Republic in specially-marked food cans, which were later turned over to the conspirators.

Plans for the intended assassination were worked out during the same period in which the abortive assault on Cuba was being prepared. However, when the CIA-organized April 17, 1961, invasion at the Bay of Pigs failed and world attention was focused on Washington's complicity in that operation, a postponement of the attempt on Trujillo's life was ordered because of the embarrassment another such failure might cause the United States. But the order to hold up came too late. According to what I was told in the Dominican Republic, the needed weapons were already in the hands of the conspirators, who refused appeals by Dearborn and Barfield to delay the assassination. They insisted on moving at the first opportunity. This came on May 30, when Trujillo and his chauffeur drove out into the country in an unescorted 1959 Chevrolet for a rendezvous at a San Cristobal estate, *La Fundacion*, with Trujillo's 20-year-old mistress, Mona Sanchez.

Enter the Unexpected

It was Trujillo's custom to call on his 94-year-old mother, Julia Molina, before going on to *La Fundacion*.

His departure for San Cristobal from his mother's home was signaled to the killers by Sen. Modesto Diaz, a neighbor of Julia Molina and brother of Brig. Gen. Juan Tomas Diaz, one of the principal gunmen in the plot. It is said that General Diaz was bitter toward Trujillo because of his forced, premature retirement from the army in 1960 on the dictator's orders.

The plan was to finish off Trujillo, seize control, form a provisional government to be recognized by the US, and hold the elections which Trujillo had promised for May, 1962. The assassins intended to be candidates.

The scheme, however, was frustrated soon after the murder when the assassins could not locate Gen. Roman Fernandez, who had been ordered to the San Isidro Air Force Base that afternoon by Trujillo and told to stay there until some administrative irregularities were corrected. Since he was thus kept ten miles outside Ciudad Trujillo until next morning, Roman was not able to carry out the assignment he had been given. General Roman was to have summoned the entire Trujillo clan to La Fortaleza de Ozama in the capital, informed them of Trujillo's death and had them killed on the spot.

Around 10:30 p.m. on May 30, two carloads of gunmen fired 27 shots into the dictator's body and pummelled it mercilessly on the main highway between the capital and the Agricultural Fair Grounds, where Trujillo annually received tributes for his prize cattle. Having dumped the riddled corpse into the trunk of one of the attack cars, the assassins went to the house of Roman, only to learn there he was not in the capital. They then scattered. In succeeding days all the known assassins, including Roman, were rounded up and slain either at once or shortly before the mass departure of the Trujillo family in November, 1961. The two surviving exceptions are Imbert and Amiana.

It can be reported on excellent authority that close associates of the slain dictator knew of the US role within a few days following the killing. Almost immediately upon his May 31 return from Paris to assume command of the Dominican armed forces, Lt. Gen. Rafael (Ramfis) Trujillo Jr. was fully briefed.

However, Ramfis and other retainers of the dead dictator were warned not to launch reprisals against Americans involved in the plot. Ramfis' hand was probably stayed also by the presence of numerous foreign newsmen in Ciudad Trujillo within 48 hours after the assassination, and the reported readiness of US Naval and Marine forces, waiting in off-shore waters, to intervene in the Dominican Republic should there be any loss of American life or property. Likewise, an OAS fact-finding commission arrived in early June, and that may have helped prevent a bloodbath. Ramfis' six months in power did, however, allow him to liquidate what moveable family wealth he could. US diplomats were telling him that if he behaved himself he could leave the country a rich man, which he did. He "donated" the family sugar mills and lands to the nation.

Dearborn, Barfield and Berry had meanwhile been rushed out of the Dominican Republic by US officials. Subsequently, Dearborn went to Colombia as Consul, and Barfield first to Italy and then to Washington where he is a staff assistant to Edwin Martin, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. Since the ouster of the Trujillos, Berry ("Wimpy") has returned to operate his handsomely appointed supermarket in Santo Domingo, where he greets customers with calm and courtesy, as if Trujillo had never lived.

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What It's Like in Cuba

Journeyman Notes on Life Under Fidel Castro

by Barbara Smith

Unless evasive action is taken early, the spirit of any visitor to a country experimenting in socialist methods is liable to be tamed by an organized tour of a collective farm. In Cuba, last month, a couple of other Western correspondents and myself were rescued by a group of Russians from a hot mid-day slog round a state farm in Pinar del Rio. We had tramped over acres of land that looked remarkably like the land outside; we had gazed at pigs that were indubitably pigs and admired chickens that were certainly chickens. The farm was called a cooperative, but this seemed a confusion of terms: the workers did not own any land themselves but were paid regular wages, and although plots had been set aside for individual cultivation, nobody as yet had bothered to cultivate them. Obediently, we thought up other questions, but the men in charge of the farm were nowhere to be found.

Then we came upon the Russians, pottering round their dismantled jeep, and they invited us into their house for guava juice, a rest and conversation. Two of them were agronomists, the third an engineer; they were all three very young and had volunteered to come to Cuba on leaving Leningrad University. They liked it very much, they said. They had their own house, their own cook, lots of work to do and a movie program that changed twice a week. It had been impossible in Havana to tell the precise function of the droves of pink-faced, fair-haired burly young men driving around in Russian trucks; the Cubans I asked probably would not have wanted to tell a Westerner anyhow, but they gave the impression of neither knowing nor caring themselves. But with these young men on the farm it was easy to believe that they were what they seemed: earnest young missionaries doing a useful job.

The compensations for working in Cuba do, after all, outweigh the frustrations. My own work permit allowed me to practice as a correspondent in Havana, the airport and the nearby beaches. If I wanted to go anywhere else, and in the end I traveled the length of the island, I was supposed to apply for permission to the press department of the ministry of foreign relations, which handed out impressive-looking letters of authorization from the ministry of the interior. I never had any trouble getting these authorizations, nor did anyone at any time ask to look at them or at any other of my credentials. The press department was helpful, even to the extent of arranging appointments with some of the people I had asked to see. Feeling discourteous rather than a law-breaker, I would sometimes sneak out of Havana in a friend's car without asking permission. Once when I was caught out by the ministry through my own indiscretion, I was scolded by a peeved official but it all ended amiably enough.

Looking back, it was probably silly of me to have flouted the rules just because I was bored by the time wasted in getting a permit. The Cuban law does not seem to follow any logical pattern in its treatment of Western correspondents. The day I left, a British colleague, David Holden of *The Manchester Guardian* (which can be criticized, perhaps, as a dull paper but certainly not as a reactionary or prejudiced one) tried to enter the country, spent four days in a police cell and was then bundled out by the first possible flight. I had luck, but it is clearly a mistake for a Westerner, however well-intentioned he knows himself to be, to rely on the Cubans recognizing his good intentions.

Havana itself is a good place to wander about in. One is not brought up short by the sickening signs of poverty and deformity that are part of the scene in so many Latin American cities. Although the reports say that it is worse in some of the countryside (and no doubt in sections of the cities too) I never saw any children suffering from malnutrition. Cubans are big eaters and the rationed allowance of most foods is large by British wartime or postwar standards. The ration cards are kept by the stores, and everybody, whatever his job or age, is supposed to draw the same amount. The snag up to a short time ago was that the full ration was seldom obtainable; the distribution of food was inefficient and the stocks in some of the cities were badly depleted. The situation now is slightly better. It was possible to find restaurants serving good

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BARBARA SMITH *is on the staff of* The Economist *(London), for which publication she visited Cuba from February 25 to March 11.*

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meals, but the prices were high. Resident foreigners, on the larger expense accounts, regaled themselves on steak, butter and wine at one of the few exclusive clubs left in Havana; the waiters at this rather improbable place outnumbered the diners and the elevator might have been taking one up to the moon for all the atmosphere had to do with Cuba today.

Down to earth again, my companions and I on a long night drive from Havana to Camagüey found it hard to get a snack to eat on the way, and, more important for a Cuban, could never be sure whether the coffee stalls would still have coffee. In Holguín, the second largest town in the province of Oriente, a correspondent on a Cuban newspaper was tempted by my own decadent yearnings, after seven solid hours of conference, into a town-wide search for rum. We had to record total failure, and our sights lowered, began to look for coffee, which turned out to be almost, although not quite, as difficult. A group of Poles in Havana observed a day of mourning when the vodka they had brought with them ran out.

Cuban girls look remarkably smart compared with the dreariness and scarcity of the clothes on display in the shops. It is early days yet in the consumer goods shortage, but the Cuban women seem to have the gift of the French in keeping themselves chic through all emergencies. Some of the shops had displays of non-rationed household goods or ornaments, most of which looked to me ugly, useless or expensive, or all three; they were evidently considered precious enough to be guarded at night by the militia. A Cuban housewife spends a lot of her time standing in line for something or other, but except for the dearth of drugs and medicines the lack of consumer goods is not tragic and nobody I spoke to was taking it as such.

Invitation to Learning

One of the most cheering sights in the outskirts and residential areas of Havana are the groups of uniformed scholarship students. At the end of the literacy campaign in 1961, Fidel Castro announced, out of the blue, that any student who had been out teaching the villagers and now wanted secondary education should send a telegram to the ministry of education saying what he or she would like to study. Everything would be free: education, housing, food, uniform and some pocket money too. In the days that followed, the post office was inundated with 60,000 telegrams, and the ministry of education threw up its hands and refused to cope. A new organization was set up to struggle with the problem of feeding and housing the children who flooded hopefully into town. The deserted houses of the Miami exiles came in useful, and somehow food was distributed. The difficulty then was to find something for the children to do, let alone to study. At the time of the October-November crisis last year, many of them were up in the hills having helped to harvest the coffee crop: the military trucks that were supposed to bring them back to town were being otherwise used. Dr. Castro is reported as saying that he was glad; the children would be safer where they were. Eventually the trucks were released by the army, the students returned and the ministry of education, gradually recovering from shock, is organizing their education.

Altogether there are said to be 75,000 students having secondary education. Then, there are 5,000 students in Russia or Eastern Europe (but this includes the adult workers on crash programs to pick up technical skills). In exchange, there are about 100 Russian students in Cuba, mostly studying Spanish. There are also, according to the official figures, 400 students at university level from Latin America and 200 from Asia and Africa. The few foreign students that I spoke to were all seizing the chance to study Marx. There was no evidence, and it would have been naïve to expect to find it, of students studying guerrilla tactics in Cuba.

I was shown round a pre-medical school (formerly an officer's club) by the two head students, one the leader of the Young Communists, the other the elected head of the Students Union. They were passionately proud of their laboratory equipment (mostly supplied from China, it was sparse but what there was seemed to be first-class) and passionately loyal to Dr. Castro. Khrushchev's withdrawal of the missiles was interpreted as an insult to Fidel; his Five Points had saved the day for Cuban pride and they were trying, against the grain, to accept the new position. When I asked them whether they were going to cut cane with the other volunteers on Sunday they answered quickly, "No, Fidel has told us we are working hard enough and he doesn't want us to go." There was no doubt that whatever Fidel told them to do, they would do it until they dropped.

There is no need in Cuba to stick up Dr. Castro's photograph on every available wall (as, for instance, General Qassim's picture was stuck up all over Baghdad). There are a lot of pictures of him, but they take their place with portraits of Lenin, Martí, or whoever is the local hero of the province. The affection for Castro is spontaneous and unforced. Having made a start on pruning the bureaucracy by abandoning his own prime minister's office, he is permanently on the move, making his decisions impulsively and giving ulcers to his bodyguard. Constantly demanding, and often getting the impossible, he is unquestionably the man in charge.

One of his interests is to encourage and reassure Cuba's intellectuals. Cuba's isolation, and her hard currency shortage, cuts her off from books, magazines

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and newspapers from outside – except for a few from Communist countries. Cubans who can string words together or are fluent in a foreign language, are being urged to spend their evenings writing on their own, translating a foreign classic, or rewriting a textbook. The cultural center, the *Casa de las Americas*, pounds on through all the handicaps trying to arrange exchanges of publications, particularly with Spanish-speaking countries. Since what they are able to send out as their part of the exchange is largely propaganda of one sort or another, they are looked at suspiciously; nevertheless, some of the parcels get through and their library has a fairly large, though arbitrary selection of foreign publications. Dickens and Galsworthy are prominent among the English-language books. A beautiful Spanish girl at the center, whose husband works at the state publishing house, said that modern American and European writers were being translated; there was no evidence of this as yet. But there is nothing stodgy or conformist about a lot of the painting and architecture now coming out of Cuba. There has been a burst of abstract and symbolist painting and one large room at the center was reserved for a painter hurling mud-colored stuff at his canvas. A group of architects, two Italian, one Cuban, have had a free hand in turning Havana's golf course into a new Arts Center. The center is being designed as a series of villages, each village created to represent a particular art form: the result is an extravaganza, but exciting and even poetic.

Planners and Intellectuals

I drove to the province of Pinar del Rio with a group of planners who were inspecting a new irrigation scheme and the construction, with Russian money, of a thermo-electric plant. One of the party was a young poet recently returned from Prague and recruited into planning by his friend, the minister of economics. At the farm, he fingered curiously the young green rice shoots and I wondered if he, like me, was having a moment of wild ignorant doubt about which end of the shoot the rice grains would appear; at the construction plant he watched the sparks of hot steel with the same excitement as the workers who had never seen this sort of enterprise in Cuba before. The economists in the party sighed gently over his qualifications.

Cuba's pressing need is to rescue its sugar production which through bad luck with the weather and a gross number of economic and social mistakes has collapsed way below its pre-revolutionary level. In a collective effort to raise output, the cane cultivators and the sugar producers have been getting together every month under the chairmanship of either Che Guevara, the minister of industry who controls the sugar mills, or of Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, who controls cane cultivation. I had the chance to be invited to go to Oriente, where the March meeting was being held, by Dr. Rodriguez, a man of powerful intellect, strong purpose and remarkable kindness, who was the first Communist leader to get in touch with Castro's revolutionary army (we stayed at the hotel in Holguín which was his base when he was acting as go-between, disguised as a commercial traveler). The meetings in Oriente were long and repetitious (a burdensome number of organizations were represented), but they were also revealing. The urgency was to harvest the current crop early so that the land could be ploughed and the new crop planted in time for harvesting next year. As each provincial leader produced his report, he pleaded the shortage of labor, transport and mechanization; again and again he was urged to improvise.

On the afternoon of the second day, the provincial sugar mills held their public emulation contest. The first part of the show was cultural; a rather uneven display of local talent. Then came the result of the monthly contest based on norms, and proud Oriente's defeat by Pinar del Rio, whose eight little sugar mills altogether only produce as much as one of Oriente's giant enterprises. Holguín's youth reacted as they might to an unfair umpire at a ball game, and Fidel Castro's

"I'll Bet You Never Had to Deal with Cubans."

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elder brother who runs Oriente's sugar cultivation with efficiency, energy and knowledge, was cheered to the roof. The meeting was called to some sort of order by the local party organizer. Since Dr. Castro's attack on sectarianism a year ago, most of the local party caucuses have disintegrated and are only gradually being reformed. But in Oriente, the United Party of the Socialist Revolution has surged ahead and is full-bloodedly behind the production drive. Red Battalions (composed of party members, candidates for membership and selected non-party members) go out into the fields and mills to encourage good work by their example.

Uniformed and Uninformed

On the drive to Oriente, Dr. Rodriguez's military bodyguard fussed over me like a group of British Nannies – but more kindly. They saw that I ate and slept and washed; they retrieved me if I strayed from the meeting, and looked anxious if I talked to strangers. The medley of weapons in the car was irrelevant except when I got my feet caught up in them. I felt happily cocooned and was lost when, once more, I was on my own. Perhaps because I have been brought up in the British tradition of asking a policeman (but I would have thought at least twice about doing any such thing in, say, Caracas) I quickly fell into the habit in Havana of looking for somebody in military, police or militia uniform if I wanted help in finding my way, unearthing a cab or sorting out some mix-up. The militia (who are mostly civilians who take on guard duty once or twice a week, but to confuse things often wear their uniform or bits of it all the time) were invariably helpful. The army on one occasion, at least, was almost too helpful.

This particular episode was not only absurd but also reflected badly on my power of making myself understood in simple Spanish. Having tried unsuccessfully to see somebody in the Presidential Palace, I was standing rather disconsolately outside when a soldier came up and asked me where I was going. At the moment I did not particularly want to go anywhere and tried to say so. He fell into step beside me and gently but firmly escorted me on to a bus, and paid my fare. I realized there had been some dreadful error and hoped only to escape without too much awkwardness. The soldier firmly pushed me back onto my seat. We arrived at a new suburb to the east of the city and the soldier led me relentlessly into a middle-class apartment block. Like everybody else, he had taken it for granted that I was a Russian and had kindly brought me to the apartments where most of the Russian families lived. The episode dissolved in a babble of suspicious Russian, incredulous Spanish and infinitely embarrassed English.

I liked Havana but I was less sure about the old grand hotels, their design and their routine linked to a crumbled way of life. The Hotel Riviera, where I stayed, has an incomparable position on the seafront, but my spirit quailed before its ghostly acres of tarnished splendor. The enormous empty casino with its oversize chandeliers, dingy velvet and dusty smell; the too many bars too often closed; the pre-revolutionary notices, telephone directories and beauty parlors. Nobody ever seemed to get any letters; the switchboard operators would sometimes deny one's existence. The food was plain but served with style; my room service breakfast was weak black coffee and plain rolls with no butter or jam, but they were delivered on a tremendous great trolley and the waiter whipped off the lid of the dish containing (cold) rolls with the aplomb of a *maitre d'hotel*. The vast main lobby held people sitting on benches back to back in suspended time, like the dazed, unearthly travelers in an airport transit lounge. Apart from the Russians and the East Europeans, who generally looked as if they were actually going somewhere, and the Cuban honeymoon couples who obviously knew what they were about, there were Canadian businessmen, fussing about the delays and black market eggs for their breakfasts; a Belgian film maker, talking travel and culture; an American cameraman who was recalled by his Los Angeles television station just as he managed to break through the barrier of permits; Brazilian left-wingers snubbing each other; a Southern Rhodesian studying political science; a British Guianan making whoopee.

Why is it that what might not be tolerable in another country, turns out to be tolerable in Cuba? Partly, it is a matter of expecting something worse, and of making allowances for a society in swift and difficult transition. More important, it is the disarmingly gentle manners and excitingly high hopes of most Cubans. In the middle of a depressed wait for something in which one has already lost hope, a coffee seller will materialize and graciously offer one a tiny paper cocked hat of his brew. Misdirected for the umpteenth time, I might crossly hail a cab only to have coals of fire showered on my head when the driver decides, for some such reason as that he has not practiced English for a while, that the ride is on him. The economic muddles and catastrophes are obvious; the infringement on personal liberties is no less serious for being under the surface. It might have been possible to have done everything in a less destructive way. But even as things are, Cuba's stride towards social and racial equality is real and lasting. "And what do you think of the Cuban revolution?" shyly asked the pretty militia girl when she interviewed me for my entry permit. If I had been asked the same question on leaving, I would have been able to answer more enthusiastically and more honestly.

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The Youth of an Author

by Richard Gilman

A few weeks ago in these pages John Wain told Buddy Glass to go home. I wish I could find someone in John Updike's fiction whose mother is calling *him*, because it seems to me that Updike's art as much as Salinger's is in a situation where somebody or something has to go. But it isn't as easy as that; Updike is his own chief character, or rather his sensibility is its own chief object, spreading itself among a half-dozen voices and physiognomies no one of which can be said to be the source, or even the agent, of the malaise.

The Centaur
by John Updike
(Knopf; $4)

But that there is a sickness seems abundantly clear. It is one which Updike shares with Salinger, for all the older man's greater imaginative size and richer music. The two are among the most naturally gifted writers of our period, yet they are beginning to dismay us, although Updike more rapidly, by the manner in which their fiction feeds upon itself, makes pacts with itself, quiets its own misgivings and holds the world fastidiously at bay. Updike and Salinger are coming to resemble those institutionalized national comedians whose references are to their own quirks and legends, who offer us self-portraits instead of liberating counter images, and who remain a number of years behind the truest current feeling.

I will not detain Salinger any longer, since my commission calls only for a review of Updike's latest novel. Yet I fear he is going to hover at the back of my thought in much of what I am going to say from now on, especially as it concerns the self-conscious skill-in-the-void, like riding a bicycle with no hands ma, that characterizes so much "sensitive" writing today. Well, let him hover then, usefully I hope, while I go on to Updike's strange problems.

To recapitulate what we already know or suspect about this author of preternaturally scintillant but thin and arrested fiction: we find an obsessive fixation upon the past, a compulsive rehearsal of the data of adolescence and young manhood, a cult of the family and of victimized sensibility, a spinning out of a legend of quest and initiation in which rococo states of consciousness and refined conditions of memory come more and more to replace imaginative event and action. And one more fatality, that which underlies all the others – an avoidance, accomplished with a scrupulous cunning and high-wire grace that resembles a brilliant neurotic maneuver, of the supreme task and burden of literature: the appropriation and transfiguration, in one way or another, of suffering, struggle, conflict, disaster and death.

Now I know I am going to be told that only a handful of writers have ever fully taken up the supreme tasks of literature and that that is no proper standard by which to judge all the others. And this of course is true; nobody judges Ronald Firbank by it, or Gertrude Stein, or Shaw or Cocteau or Nabokov. But the point about Updike, the quality of his work which makes me bring the standard into operation, is precisely the fact that he *shuns* the major sorrows and calamities while pretending to deal with them, that he glosses them, coats them with "fine" writing and disarms them by turning them into nostalgia and soft wisdom. And he does this in the face of his *predilection d'artiste*, which keeps tugging him to the edge of the forbidden scene for a dreadful peek-a-boo look.

On the surface *The Centaur* would seem to be a refutation of my argument, since it is a novel which gives the appearance of engaging death, or more precisely the immanent existence of death and the consequent need to justify and fix the value of life. Yet after I had read it I was left with the feeling of having been present at a virtuoso act of evasion, a subtle transposition of a theme into an occasion for avoiding it. It is not so much that Updike has been disingenuous; what has happened is that his instruments have carried out the work which *they* feel suited for, that because the qualities of his mind and imagination do not include the toughness, élan and valor to come to grips with such a theme the prose has created another, and infinitely less impressive monument than the one that was intended.

What was intended, we may surmise, was a complex structure to house Updike's anxious concern with his past, with his psychic and material origins as an artist, with his family and, most especially, with his father and the latter's relationship to himself. It is the father's possible death that provides the ground for the novel and such narrative force as it possesses; for Updike this segment of autobiography offers an opportunity to justify his father and attempt an understanding of the relationship of his death to the life that has gone before, and also to the life that is to come – the author's own.

"Honor thy Father" might indeed have been the motto of *The Centaur*, instead of the portentous quotation from Karl Barth – "Heaven is the creation inconceivable to man, earth the creation conceivable to him. He himself is the creature on the boundary between heaven and earth" – whose effect is to prepare the reader for a metaphysical exploration which is never forthcoming. It is this abstract impulse to write something large and significant after the exceeding smallness of his previous books, the culmination being the gilt and evanescence of the stories in *Pigeon Feathers*, that one detects from the first sentence of the new novel.

In that sentence, Caldwell, a 50-year-

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old science teacher in the high school of a small Pennsylvania city, is struck by an arrow in his ankle. One of his unruly pupils has shot him and thereby converted him, for the purposes of the novel, into a present-day Chiron, the wise and humble centaur who, suffering from an incurable wound at the hands of Hercules, patiently educated the young until he gave up his immortality as a reparatory sacrifice for the transgression of Prometheus. From this point on *The Centaur* shuttles between the myth and its reconstructed scene and Caldwell's (and Updike's) Pennsylvania-Dutch town circa 1947.

Every character in the modern story, which occupies the greater part of the novel, is an avatar of a figure from the age of the myth. For example, Zimmerman, the coarse and powerful school principal, is Zeus; Pop Kramer, Caldwell's aging father-in-law, is Kronos; Peter, his son who is also Updike at seventeen and who narrates much of the story, is Prometheus. In case we are in any doubt, there is a three-page "mythological index," which was suggested, Updike with unforgivable archness tells us, by his wife. The strategy – let us show that we recognize noble undertakings when we see them – is designed to raise the inhabitants of the modern city to the eternal status of archetypes, to postulate a continuity for all human existence in its multifarious showing forth.

But however pretentious and dismally schematic all this sounds, the mythologizing is not, I'm afraid, what brings the novel down. There are long stretches when the parallels remain implicit and unobtrusive and others when they seem entirely to be forgotten; for the rest they are merely ineffective, a bit distracting and faintly ludicrous (except for the couple of occasions when they become resoundingly ludicrous: to make modern recreations of mythical archetypes is one thing, but to reverse the process and speak of Artemis as "tittering around the woods with a pack of Vassar freshmen" or of Pholos as having "once been a semi-pro shortstop" is sadly another.)

No, the mythological aspects of the book constitute an inept bravura enterprise, but one which is at least specific, locatable and possible to dismiss. What can't be dismissed, in order to get at something else, is the entire texture of the book, the quality of its engagements with the issues and experiences it has proposed for itself, the way in which it explores, dramatizes and finally memorializes them in a work of art. And in this central respect, despite the high sheen and delicacy of Updike's prose – or rather, as I have indicated earlier, as a result of that – all is deflected, daunted, genteel and cold, all is "writing."

Or almost all. In the boy's direct relationship to the father there is the possibility of a breakthrough into something more than a safe, enameled and narrowly literary vision. The father – an awkward, naïve, self-lacerating but somehow noble and dedicated man, weighed down by debts, social unease and the misery of having to teach mostly thick-witted or rapacious youths – believes he may be dying of cancer. His son is a germinating artist, self-conscious and convinced of his special future. Before he can possess it, however, he has to assimilate and come to terms with the fact and meaning of his father's possible death, and at the same time help the older man reach a sense of the worth of his own life as a teacher and sacrificial figure.

Updike arranges a few scenes of clear, resonant confrontation, but for the most part, here as everywhere else, there is a continual process of sidling up to an alarming or vivifying truth and then backing away into mummifying rhetoric or unearned lyricism or stipulated preciosity or sententious statement:

> "Alton distended. Her arms of white traffic stretched riverward. Her shining hair fanned on the surface of the lake. My sense of myself amplified until, lover and loved, seer and seen, I compounded in several accented expansions of my ego, the city and the future, and during these seconds truly clove to the center of the sphere and outmuscled time and life. I would triumph."

> "... he discovered that in giving life to others he entered a total freedom. ... Only goodness lives. But it does live."

> "For it is at about that age, isn't it, that it sinks in upon us that things do, if not die, certainly change, wiggle, slide, retreat, and, like the dabs of sunlight on the bricks under a grape arbor on a breezy June day, shuffle out of all identity."

> "Somewhere there is a city where he will be free."

> "And yet, love, do not think that our life together, for all its mutual frustration, was not good. It was good. We moved, somehow, on a firm stage, resonant with metaphor. ... Yes. We lived in God's sight."

He has not demonstrated it. *His* stage is not firm or resonant with metaphor, but nearly always crepitant with literary genius on display. From it come repeated showers of irrelevant sparks, dazzling accuracies of perception which stand in the way of movement, intricacies of feeling which have the effect of occluding the major passions. Pascal wrote that "perpetual eloquence is wearisome," but in Updike's case it is more than that: it is destructive of true eloquence. The writing is forever moving from event to embroidery, from drama to coy detail. The boy wakes in crisis and there is an inevitable statis while we are made to observe with him "the glass bureau knobs like faceted crystals of frozen ammonia." The house echoes with hints of death and, with no excuse of irony or chiaroscuro, we are deflected from them by being told how "the brown powder, Maxwell's Instant, made a tiny terrain on the surface of steaming water," and how "on a stiff tablecloth a loaf of sugary bread lay sequinned with pointillist dabs of light."

The occasions when Updike is able to escape from his own pointillism and sequinned prose are invariably those on which his memory of youth becomes unself-conscious, objective and dramatic. There is a description of a basketball game which is a set-piece that works by its employment of eloquence for ends beyond itself, by the disappearance of the solipsistic and self-rehearsing author from the scene:

> "Adolescent boys as hideous and various as gargoyles, the lobes of

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their ears purple with the cold, press, eyes popping, mouths flapping, under the glowing overhead globes. Girls, rosy-cheeked, glad, motley and mostly ill-made, like vases turned by a preoccupied potter, are embedded, plaid-swaddled, in the hot push. Menacing, odorous, blind, the throng gives off a muted shuffling thunder, a flickering articulate tinkle: the voices of the young."

This is rich provisioning, but it isn't catered, it isn't brought in from outside to impress us with professional expertise. Nor is it precious or self-indulgent or arbitrarily vivid. Once before, in *Rabbit, Run,* Updike wrote an entire book which for all its faults maintained a steady vision, subordinating its author's virtuosity to a complete imaginative purpose, using his human weaknesses – his fear of fact and necessity and pain; his dream of an impossible freedom – as a source of strength by going out to meet them and fashioning a tale and a metaphor to contain them. *The Centaur,* designed to be a complementary vision, the positive fairy tale after the flight from the ogre, rests finally as a pastiche, a sly exercise, a piece of bravado, an evasion, and, we may hope, a dead flat ground from which its extraordinarily endowed author can only rise.

The Dog that Didn't Bark

by Hilary Corke

I suppose everyone has been more or less forcibly acquainted with the facts. In 1959 Sir Charles Snow, a well-known British novelist and spokesman for the sciences, delivered a Rede lecture at Cambridge, which he named *The Two Cultures.* His theme was, briefly, that the split, the gap in communication, between the "two cultures," of the sciences and the humanities, was already wide and would, unless steps were taken, continue to widen; that this was an unhappy, indeed, a potentially perilous thing; and that it was everyone's concern to try and do something about it. The theme, if neither very original, nor very deeply thought out, nor very memorably expressed, seemed at least meritorious. Coming from someone in the public position that Sir Charles enjoys, its tenets (one felt), though no doubt on the woolly side to begin with, and destined to be filtered through many many tons more of Establishment wool before they penetrated to any vital spot, would culminate in effects that would be, if marginally, more useful than not. But in 1962, in another endowed lecture of the usually cozy Cambridge sort (the Richmond), the critic F. R. Leavis, attacked both Sir Charles and his lecture with an uncontrolled virulence of fury that had hardly been seen in England since the days of *The Edinburgh Review* nearly a century and a half earlier. How had Sir Charles called down upon his head this almost frenetic savaging?

Two Cultures? The Significance of C. P. Snow
by F. R. Leavis
An Essay
by Michael Yudkin
(Pantheon Books; $1.65)

The present volume reprints Dr. Leavis' lecture, together with two prefatory notes to it by himself, plus a long biographical note on him (evidently also either written, or else inspired, by himself), and finally an essay by the Cambridge biochemist Michael Yudkin, written quite independently of Leavis, but equally, though from a different angle and in a very very different tone, attacking the Snow thesis.

What, first, of Snow? Sir Charles is very much what it is fashionable to call a figure of the Establishment. Quite typically, too, he was not born to it but "came up from the ranks" by way of a state school in Leicester. At Cambridge he was a molecular physicist and elected a Fellow of his college in that subject at the age of twenty-five. The war took him, ten years later, out of the university into the Civil Service. At the same time he turned seriously to the novel, and has more or less divided his time between these two latter callings since. His novels are highly thought of by the British Council and similar powers that be. The reasons are not far to seek. The books, which are concerned with men in their public capacities – the inwardnesses of an administrative scandal or of a college election – are written with integrity: their emphasis is on plot rather than character – on the sort of plot, moreover, that is a large part of Establishment experience, but normally left untackled in literature. They can safely be recommended to foreign students as examples both of sound, if unadventurous English style, and of the supposedly solid merits of the British way of life.

More serious students of literature no doubt think of Snow as respectable rather than brilliant, a conscientious writer of the second rank who has astutely made an unfamiliar but important piece of territory his own. They certainly do not in general regard him as anything remotely in the nature of a menacing portent or bogey. His is in fact the type of mind, wide but comparatively shallow, that is usually underestimated, rather than the reverse, by the professional critic – whose own mind will tend to cut pretty deep but, in his case, on a front that is comparatively narrow. A paragraph of a Snow novel yields nothing whatever to deep analysis; his merits lie in the structure and ordering of the whole. His is a typical administrator's mind, not very perceptive over the details, but capable of forming and retaining a well-balanced picture of the entire field.

The Two Cultures is a performance of the type that this would suggest. It is not at all difficult to pick holes in it, and Yudkin, in a reasonably civilized manner, puts his finger on a number of them. He is quite right, for instance, when he points out that Snow's opposition of his two mutually distinct cultures is artificial or probably more obscuring than revealing. As he says, "Snow confesses himself astounded to discover that the average graduate in science cannot read Dickens: but has he examined how many graduates in,

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say, law or economics are in the same condition?"; and the point is well taken.

But at other times Snow would seem to have the best of it. "Just how," says Yudkin, "does Sir Charles believe that the assimilation of science as part of the mental experience of the artist can improve his work?" When we think, say, of the love-poems of Donne, with their wealth of contemporary scientific reference, the rhetorical question begins to look a little shabby. Or similarly, "To understand what is meant by mass or acceleration . . . would be, strictly, useless knowledge" for the artist. And we think of Auden's

> The mass and majesty of this
> world, all
> That carries weight and always
> weighs the same
> Lay in the hands of others . . .

words that could not have been written had not the distinction between *mass* and *weight* been learned once, long ago, by a young man thinking of taking up engineering.

In fact, so far as Yudkin and Snow are concerned, we may say that the honors are pretty well even; that this is the sort of respectable middle-level controversy out of which some nearer approach to practical truth may come.

But Leavis – what of Leavis? Let me say at once, that one's instincts and sympathies are basically with him; or at any rate basically against the sort of blandness and gross oversimplifications that the well-meaning Sir Charles represents. But the tone! Here is pure hysteria. After all, there is really not the slightest reason why the thought of the good Snow should bring blood-flecked froth to the mouth. Indeed, Leavis' fury takes our minds quite off the subject of Snow and turns them instead to himself. Where there is this much disparity between cause and effect, between stimulus and reaction, we look at once for a disorder in the person of the reactor.

As to its nature, this little work provides us every kind of evidence. Wild adulations of Leavis are plastered all over the jacket – "England's foremost literary critic" and the rest. The biographical note is a joy to collectors of the documentation of gloomy self-satisfaction: I don't suppose that ever before, even in the long history of academic folly, has any one thought fit to virtuously and solemnly assure his readers that he has never taken sabbatical leave from his duties. And when we look at the twin prefaces, the note of painfully outraged innocence takes us at once into realms of unconscious comedy of a very high order. "The angry, abusive and strikingly confident utterances of Snow's supporters" he complains fretfully, without for a moment beginning to understand to what infinitely greater extent the epithets must be applied to the raging diatribe that called those supporters forth.

To Lionel Trilling and others, who condemned the pointless virulence, Leavis replies in a very pained way. I was merely destroying a portent, he says, "and the portent as person may very well feel wounded, leaving his friends to accuse one of cruelty." But (he goes on), he was not "cruel," he was merely "unanswerable": "The unanswerable is the cruelty. . . . It would have been less cruel had it been accompanied, as it was not, by the animus that impels the intention to hurt." Fine words, indeed: but alas! when we examine the lecture itself we find, beyond any shadow of a doubt, that he *was* cruel, and that he was *not* unanswerable. Is not this cruel? –

> "As a novelist he doesn't exist; he doesn't begin to exist. He can't be said to know what a novel is. The nonentity is apparent on every page of his fictions. . . . I am trying to remember where I heard (can I have dreamed it?) that they are composed for him by an electronic brain called Charlie, into which the instructions are fed in the form of the chapter headings."

Does that not betray animus? Here in contrast is Yudkin:

> "The whole book is an account of a situation in which the characters are portrayed not as individuals but

Spring in Southern California

Perhaps, closer to the past, there is
a difference, but now, on this consistent
coast, one must remind the ear to listen
and the eye to watch for subtleties.
Alone, standing apart from the morning,
one hears occasional birds piping-in
their private season before the usual
cacophony begins; nothing sudden.

Where daffodils bloom in December
and then azaleas, bursting like fire-
crackers for the New Year, the native
has no calendar: lemon trees display
four seasons on one branch, to excess,
while lilacs, insisting on some privacy,
do not root at all. The lilies have died
before Easter, waxen atheists.

Nature has become too bold with her
accomplishment, revealing all without
discrimination; the interior eye
is forced to invent a barren land,
and soon even the heart forgets the
unexpected art of spring. We only
imagine, high in the real Sierras,
extraordinary ice is breaking.

ELEANOR ROCKWELL

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as types, as if washed for a mime. Each character receives on appearance a paragraph or two of description or biography, so that it is possible to predict the role each will play in the action; none develops beyond the limits set out at the beginning."

Here we are back amid the just tones of debate (a distinction to which Leavis is apparently tone-deaf). Indeed one may largely agree with Yudkin – while wholly disagreeing with his *implication*, which is that he is describing a *wrong* method rather than a possible *alternative* method. As I have said, Snow begins with plot and then infers character from it, a highly unfashionable procedure (at this particular historical juncture) but by no means an unprecedented or necessarily erroneous one.

Here, at once, is one of the reasons why Leavis so abominates him. Leavis is notoriously a narrower, an excluder, a heretic-burner. There is "the great tradition," a matter of a dozen novelists or so. All outside is heathen, pagan, taboo: one not merely need not read it, one would be wrong to read it. If one doesn't write like D. H. Lawrence or George Eliot (his twin King Charles's heads), one is positively evil. Thus he speaks here of "the brutal and boring Wyndham Lewis" – that admittedly tough but infinitely unboring man. When we consider Leavis' literary fascism, with all that that implies of the insistence upon an illusory race-purity, of the deliberate indoctrination of successive generations of literary storm-troopers, as harshly ungenerous and imperceptive as their founder, all advancing to capture critical territories and fat literary lands (for they think and write in such crude military terms); compiling their black-lists of "enemies" (amongst whom my own unimportant name will now figure for one, when this review has been read and reported upon by the *oberleutnant* in charge of America, and I may expect a variety of dark stabs in the back in the arider British weeklies): then one suddenly turns with a quite unsuspected warmth of feeling toward Sir Charles. Here at least is someone who is trying, to the best of all the abilities he has, to *make* something. He enlarges. His would-be matador, for all his trumpetings and posturings, does not. The amount of disturbance that he has created in his life is undoubtedly great: the solid core at the heart of that disturbance is not. "His books [says Mr. Blurb] have influenced, directly or indirectly, the way we all think about English literature." It simply isn't true: we have been influenced by Eliot, Graves, I. A. Richards, Empson, and I find nothing in Leavis that he didn't get from them – except the querulousness, all his own. "I wrote a pioneering book on modern poetry that made Eliot a key figure," he announces. Did he now? *In 1932?!* He is the sort of man who always rushes in last, boring the gathered company with shouts of "new" discoveries.

As for his "unanswerableness," the sum effect of Leavis' lecture is that of an attack that seems marvelously incisive and drastic so long as it keeps within general items, but fades and shies curiously whenever it descends to particulars.

> "It is characteristic of Snow that 'believe' for him should be a very simple word. 'Statistically,' he says, 'I suppose slightly more scientists are in religious terms unbelievers, compared with the rest of the intellectual world.' There are believers and unbelievers; we all know what 'religious terms' are; or everything relevant in relation to the adjective has been said. Snow goes on at once: 'Statistically, I suppose, slightly more scientists are on the Left in open politics.' The naïveté is complete."

This doesn't begin to touch its target. Snow is exactly aware, as Leavis is exactly not, of the crude sociological context in which he is using the term "believer," and is careful to indicate his own reservations by the words *statistically, religious terms, open politics.* To such indicators Leavis is quite deaf – as indeed he appears to be to almost every aspect of style. This is one of the really disconcerting things about him as a pretender to critical overlordship. It is difficult not to debar (not wholly, but say 90 percent) anyone who is capable of perpetrating the kind of sentences that Leavis endlessly sees fit to pen:

> "Though I spoke of the 'literary world' as 'metropolitan', I wasn't forgetting that, most significantly, an essential element in it (and I don't mean my 'literary' to be taken in a narrow sense – I am thinking of what, borrowing a license from Snow, I will call the whole publicity – created culture) belongs to the universities."

It is not easy, after that sentence and dozens like it, to feel that Leavis can have anything to say about literature at all.

Finally, one is reluctantly forced into Dame Edith Sitwell's conclusion, "Dr. Leavis only attacked Charles because he is famous and writes good English." This dismal conclusion certainly ought not to be true, but I am afraid it probably is. The angry doctor is, in fact, a limpidly evident case of literary per-

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secution mania; and one can say this with the better conscience because one is, is one not, merely attacking the portent and only inadvertently wounding the man? And if one wants to play the amateur diagnostician, that is all too easy too. His whole life has been a passionate wooing of Cambridge – he was even born there – but his ardor has only been grudgingly returned, and returned late. He was 45 before he achieved a Fellowship. He was never a Professor. Who then kept him out? Why, They did. And who's They? The Establishment, of course – and that is precisely the bogey that the unlucky Sir Charles has been picked, almost fortuitously, in his single person to represent. (Even specifically: "It wouldn't be at all ridiculous to conjecture that Snow might have decisive influence in academic appointments – and on the side of the humanities.")

But, did They? Undoubtedly They did not. There is not the least question that Dr. Leavis' undeniably exceptional gifts have never come to proper public fruition. But whose fault is that? One does not endear oneself to one's fellows by habits of angry self-aggrandizement and rasping contempt. One must not at the same time call all one's neighbors fools and complain that they will not elect one to their club. And so one comes to the fretful pomposity of "We who ran *Scrutiny* for twenty years . . . were, and knew we were, Cambridge – the essential Cambridge in spite of Cambridge" (this sentence, incidentally, from a man who sneers at Snow for failing to properly define his terms!). And one could drop an ironic tear for the tragi-comedy of Leavis, in his draughty lodgings, busily being the essential Cambridge while all the dons sat happily sipping their sherry in their warm combination-rooms – if one did not bring oneself up short by recalling that this is precisely the basic social situation of every really unpleasant and *unnecessary* revolution of the past century.

When we come down to it, *who* is "pompous," "ignorant," "negligible," above all "a portent"? (I will not follow Leavis into absurdity by also resounding upon him his epithets of "a nullity," "a nonentity," "intellectually as undistinguished as it is possible to be.") Whose pronouncements are "callous in [their] irresponsibility"? Whose style is fraught with "callous ugly insensitiveness"? Whose illusions are "pathetic and comic – and menacing"? Who possesses "confidence in himself as a master-mind," coupled with "embarrassing vulgarity of style"? Who is possessed by "blindness, unconsciousness and automation," by "pseudo-cogencies"? *Who* thinks of himself as "an Intellect and a Sage"? The rage of Caliban at seeing his own face in a glass! This astonishing list could be trebled, quadrupled. Poor Dr. Leavis: the publication of his lecture (so the jacket tells us) "brought forth a torrent of attacks on Dr. Leavis which were exceptionally abusive, even by English standards." Oh jolly bad luck!

No, the rest of us can just sit back and have a quiet ironic laugh at the spectacle of these two gladiators – but no again, indeed we can't. For only one gladiator is in the ring. To the whole of Leavis' onslaught Snow has answered – precisely nothing. He has answered nothing but rather, a few months later, on the occasion of his induction to the honorary Rectorship of a Scottish university, delivered a lecture upon "Magnanimity." Never was a silence more effective or indeed more voluble. I am reminded of the passage in Conan Doyle, which I must reconstruct from memory:

> "There was also," said Holmes, "the remarkable incident of the dog that barked in the night!"
>
> "But," I objected, "the dog didn't bark in the night."
>
> "That," said Holmes, "was the remarkable incident."

Good dog, good dog.

William Carlos Williams as One of Us

by Hayden Carruth

The death of William Carlos Williams on March 4 was expected and even longed for, in the pitiable way that human beings must adopt when they are touched and concerned, by those who knew him. He had been ill for a long, long time. We can be grateful, on his account and our own, that even during the last tortured years he was able to write some of the time. The work of the final decade contains some of his most beautiful writing, as full of life as ever. And that – his undeviating dedication to life and all it implied – was the key to everything he wrote, everything he did. It gave him, one fervently hopes, the satisfaction he deserved. Certainly it will continue to satisfy us and those who come after us, if there are any, as we turn to it again and again in his poems.

In paying tribute to Williams, I should like to quote a poem of his which has never appeared in any of his books. It was found last summer by Mrs. Williams when she was rummaging among family papers; somehow it had got mislaid. It is called "Child and Vegetables," and was published in the magazine *This Quarter* (Vol. II, No. 4, dated April-May-June 1930); probably it was written about a year earlier. Here it is:

> The fire of the seed is in her pose
> upon the clipped lawn, alone
>
> before the old white house
> framed in by great elms planted
> there
>
> symmetrically. Exactly in the center
> of this gently sloping scene,
>
> behind her table of squash and green
> corn in a pile, facing the road
>
> she sits with feet one by the other
> straight and closely pressed
>
> and knees held close, her hands
> decorously folded in her lap. Precise
>
> and mild before the vegetables,
> the mouth poised in an even smile
>
> of invitation – to come and buy,
> the eyes alone appear – half
> wakened.
>
> These are the lines of a flower-bud's
> tight petals, thoughtfully
>
> designed, the vegetables, offerings

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in a rite. Mutely the smooth globes

of the squash, the cornucopias
of the corn, fresh green, so still

so aptly made, the whole so full
of peace and symmetry . . .

resting contours of eagerness
and unrest –

No doubt the most famous statement Dr. Williams ever uttered is the theme recurrent in his poems, especially *Paterson*, that there are "no ideas but in things." And no doubt it is also the least understood by his disciples and admirers (who today are many), even though Williams took trouble to amplify his meaning.

When they set aside everything in *Paterson* beyond the statement that there are "no ideas but in things," when they say that the statement is literally true, when they claim it as a sanction for their anti-intellectual attitudes, and finally when they use it as a warrant for attempting to write poems without ideas, poems which (in their terms) will have the "purity" of "self-existent objects," then they are doing Williams, themselves, and all poetry, a grave disservice.

On the face of it, the statement is literally not true. Williams, who was a physician as well as a poet and by all accounts a good one, did not believe it to be literally true; without sophistry, he couldn't do so. Take an idea of the order of "a stitch in time saves nine." It is a simplistic idea, coated with layers of sanctimony and unction. Nevertheless, it can be stripped of its offensive qualities and revealed at the center as a true idea, what is called a "self-evident" idea. But it is not self-evident because it occurs objectively; on the contrary, no objects combined in nature could ever express it; it did not exist until a mind made it, and it could not exist now if there were no mind to recover it.

For a long time people have been trying to invent a truth of art which could supersede the truth of objective reality. At some rather indeterminate point in the history of culture it was seen that the work of art is a dynamic structure, and that like all dynamic structures it possesses a certain self-existent quality, or what we call autonomy. Then about a hundred years ago the concept was seized upon as a means of turning art into an anti-reality which would have its own laws and hence would be more interesting, beautiful, and durable than the whole objective world. At first the effort issued merely in art-for-art's-sake dilettantism, soon discredited. But through the refinements of the symbolists, expressionists, futurists, surrealists, neo-metaphysicals, etc., the notion has gained wide currency among artists and intellectuals, and even among certain branches of philosophy. In essence it holds that language, through the "revolution of the word," has constituted itself a new reality with its own self-revealing authority, different from and fundamentally opposed to the old-fashioned reality, whatever that may have been. At the same time, however, the poem, being a structure of language, possesses its own solely objective validity.

Meanwhile, other people, including some artists and intellectuals, were being consumed in furnaces, intoxicated in gas chambers, afflicted by rapists and torturers, disinfected by brainwashers – all reality's old merry pranks.

Clearly, neither things nor ideas (nor poems, of course) have the kind of irrelative self-completeness (which the autonomists desire), and such self-completeness is only the dream-product of a deeply divisive mania. The truth is that things and ideas and poems are realities among many realities, conformable to the general laws, not opposable in any useful sense.

But reality (whatever it is) is intractable, and usually ugly and boring as well, with the result that some people will always try to escape it by one means or another. You can't blame the poets more than the rest. Beyond this, reality consists of Right and Wrong; and since Wrong is by nature ascendant, Right is continually tempted into sanctimony and unction (to say nothing of bigotry), and the effort to resist these temptations is difficult and tedious – another reason for escaping. It is all a misfortune, the whole business; so grave a misfortune indeed that people lately have taken to calling it an absurdity. But no degree of absurdity can extricate man from reality, or relieve him, so long as he is alive, from the necessity of thinking about it.

What does Williams say? "When a man makes a poem, makes it, mind you, he takes words as he finds them interrelated about him and composes them – without distortion which would mar their exact significance – into an intense expression of his perceptions and ardors that they may constitute a revelation in the speech that he uses." I was tempted to cut this statement in order to make it more readable, but I didn't; here it is in all its ambiguity and inclusiveness. Williams' fine instinct for style always deserts him when he comes face-to-face with an ultimate question of principle. Here his emphasis on *words, speech, expression,* etc., seems to put him squarely in the anti-realist camp, alongside Valéry and Gottfried Benn. But we know from his whole work that Williams devoted himself, perhaps more fervently than any other modern poet, to life as it is lived. He was drawn two ways at once, a deep ambivalence that runs through all his writing.

He speaks also of a *revelation* without saying what is revealed, though elsewhere he seems to imply that it is beauty in the Keatsian sense. Is it equal to truth, to morality? One can't possibly tell, because like other poetic radicals of his generation Williams distrusts these terms and seldom uses them except in disparagement. Nor can we learn much from observing that Williams connects *revelation* to *perceptions* and *ardors*, two imprecise terms which are interesting here chiefly because they denote the subjectivity of poetic materials. But if we go back to the verb in Williams' statement – *composes* – I think we can get at the active part of his view of poetry, and we can see how it works by looking once more

"There is *a hard gem inside Americans that refuses to believe they can't make it, and their brain like a fist closes over that gem, and they have faith. It is the same faith that moves parents to leave the city in order that their children might grow up where there is air, and grow up into better people. At its lowest level, it is terrible and sad; but it is also capable of proud gestures.*"

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at the rediscovered "Child and Vegetables."

It isn't a great poem, but it is good enough and quite characteristic. Here are a number of objects – a child, a house, trees, a table, some vegetables, a road. With the great skill which was always his, Williams presents them in all their immediacy and self-proclaiming presence. Very good. But did these objects occur this way in reality? The answer is no. Can things collected objectively possess symmetry or any other mode of arrangement? No again. The arrangement was made by the poet. If you like, it was *seen* by the poet; to me the distinction is academic. The point is that another poet might have seen these objects quite differently; haphazardly or even brutally.

The arrangement, the composition, the disposition – it is everything and it is an idea; it is an idea in the mind, not in things. And can anyone doubt that it is also an idea which entails an act of judgment, *an act of morality?* Even if the whole force and tone of the poem did not assure this, Williams himself made it explicit by his use of such loaded words as *peace* and *symmetry*. This is as close as he ever came to sanctimony, but it is close enough; the poem might be better if these words were removed (though it is interesting to see that *symmetrically* in the fifth line appears without distortion and hence is properly poetical). The poem is an idea, it is a specifically moral idea, and it lives because this is so.

On a far broader scale and in a far more complex condition of control, *Paterson* also is a moral idea. In its substance it is, like all fine poems, a life-affirming idea. It is a defense of the Right without sanctimony. It is an acknowledgment of reality, and a confrontation as well, with no feelings spared. It is, incidentally, an explicit avowal that the poet's mind in all its faculties is an indigenous component of reality; that is what is meant by "no ideas but in things." Finally, it is not an escape into any kind of anti-reality, linguistic or other, but an assertion of ultimate human dignity; that is to say, an assertion of the efficacy of ideas (especially the procedural ideas of love and justice) in the face of whatever is brought to bear against us.

Certainly it is time now to say these things loudly and lovingly. William Carlos Williams was one of us; committed to our life, our reality, our enigma. He was a man of courage who required neither escape nor mystification. His poems will be our bulwark, I think, long after the anti-realists have followed their inadequate doctrines into the history books.

TELEVISION

Non-Commercial Channels

Because of a recent incident, I have written to Mr. Newton Minow, the Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission:

"Dear Mr. Minow,

"Would you give me your informed guess as to the limits of free expression on TV, so far as the FCC has power to decide? An *Open End* tape on sexual matters – made on January 4 with Max Lerner, Albert Ellis, Hugh Heffner, Ralph Ginzburg, Maxine Davis, and Arthur Kinsolving – has been erased; it is not clear whether by order of WNEW or of Susskind himself. It is conceded by the station that there was no obscenity of language.

"The case is typically outrageous. The speakers were *invited* to discuss 'The Sexual Revolution,' giving the program the kudos of being up-to-date, courageous, and perhaps titillating but then the tape is erased because somebody doesn't like what is said seriously. I am told that in the course of the discussion Max Lerner pointed out, in his manner, how this very discussion proved that TV was coming of age!

"But apart from this case, consider a likely possibility: A participant in a panel makes a powerful and prevailing argument for, *e.g.*, the advantages of pre-marital sexual intercourse, and the evils of the contrary. A station, really subservient to its sponsors and the "storm of angry letters" (*i.e.*, 20 letters) will claim that it fears action by the FCC. Most censorship in the US operates by vague threats of this kind. Would there, in your guess, be such action?

"The Constitutional lawyer, Edward de Grazia, tells me that there has been no case testing whether or not TV is a medium of communication with First Amendment protection. Obviously it is of the first importance, in our joint effort to make TV into something worthwhile, to know the answer to this puzzle. A clear-cut case is long overdue. It would be honorable and courageous for the FCC to make some statement of its principle, so that stations will cease to muffle speech in the name of the Commission.

Sincerely,"

WNEW informs me, through Mr. Cowan's office, that the tape was "in questionable taste," and also that no transcript of it was made.

If we turn now to the *adult*, rather than the scholastic programming, of the non-commercial Channel 13 in New York, we find it is less pussyfooting in the area of morals. An hour-long debate on pornography and censorship between a lawyer and a Catholic laywoman, in Professor Merton's "Court of Reason," was fairly outspoken and touched on many serious topics. (There was an interesting agreement between the antagonists that whatever the moral need for censorship, the state should keep hands off.) None of this was more electrifying than any modern brief on the subject before the Supreme Court, but it was presented as a grown-up discussion.

But the most surprising thing in this program was the easy acceptance of religion as a subject. The lawyer, Morris Ernst, indulged in some vigorous and incorrect analysis of Bible sexology; the Catholic, Anne Fremantle, loyally exposed, without making nice, the mysterious absurdity of her Church's authoritarianism. This kind of talk is utterly taboo on the commercial net-

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works. (By contrast, the *scholastic* programming of Channel 13 is queasy to the point of obscenity. A lesson in the series "Television for Teachers," on emotional and social changes in adolescence, manages the unbelievable feat of talking for half an hour without mentioning sexual, or religious, feeling except for a single sentence, "There is a biological intensification of normal sexual drives." The topics treated are Motor Coordination, Self-Image, Increase in Appetite, Adult-like Attributes, Identity and Belonging, Bizarre Changes of Mood. Mention of "unconventional attire in a shower-room" (!) is pointedly directed to the nutritive problem of a child who is obese.

Even more refreshing, in the adult programming, is the ability of Channel 13 to make the marketplace itself a subject of critical comment. Let me praise especially Persia Campbell's series, "You the Consumer," which teaches comparative shopping by blithely revealing the hoaxes of packagers, advertisers, and merchandisers. The beauty of the program is that it names and shows the actual products and ads; for instance, a national brand like Clorox sells for 3 cents more than a chemically identical local bottle of bleach. The screen suddenly begins to communicate the real world of everyday things rather than the TV world of Images and Plugs. The very ring of the voices, of Dr. Campbell and her enthusiastic guests, is different, authentic.

Another advantage of the non-commercial channel is its appeal to various smaller audiences at a somewhat deeper level. On this point, let me repeat a crucial argument of Richard Hoggart, who helped write the British Parliamentary "Pilkington Report" on TV: It is true, he says, that the majority of people the majority of time will gravitate toward what is thoughtless, sensational, or mere pastime; but *every* person has interests that are really important to him and where he actively attends and wants the excellent. Thus, programming that always seeks the widest audience is insulting to the audience and debases democracy; whereas programming that offers specific excellence to specific groups takes the audience seriously and is genuinely democratic. In its peculiarly stuffy but not snobbish manner, BBC has followed this guilding principle.

Channel 13 uses some good BBC material. I was especially charmed by a history of British caricature from Hogarth to Low. It also uses American material influenced by the BBC style such as the series titled "Images" prepared by the Lowell Institute in Boston. These have reasonably important subjects, good pictures, sensible though not exciting commentary, a brisk flow – a bit too brisk for me – but avoiding the crowding and jumpiness of commercial TV. (Again, let me contrast these "adult" art-programs with the ugly and shoddy stuff on scholastic Educational TV. I watched a disgraceful Higher Horizons 15-minute "visit" to the Metropolitan, Modern Art, and Guggenheim Museums that contained not a single appealing moment; yet these junior-high programs are supposed to attract underprivileged youth to the charms of middle-class culture.) Such are some of the advantages of the non-commercial; yet Channel 13 is not good enough. Such a station must be indispensable; it is not (for me) indispensable.

Put it this way: The adult programs on Channel 13 are often a more rewarding half-hour than, let us say, reading similar material in *Harpers* or *Atlantic*, but they are not novel, rambunctious, or difficult like, say, *Commentary* or *Scientific American*. Further, most of the "controversial" programs, whether in politics, social-criticism, or the theory of education, represent the usual "acceptable" positions and are without authentic personal clash or earnest commitment. In brief, they are neither better nor worse than Susskind and Sevareid.

Now this cotton-wool may be the taste and intellect of the present staff of Channel 13; in which case we are

If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

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if you love children

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stuck with it. On the other hand, it may be a calculated policy; if so it is a mistaken one. Just financially speaking, the station would be wise to raise the ante of its non-scholastic programming, to give a forum for extreme and committed views, to cover news that gets no coverage elsewhere, to experiment with the medium aesthetically, to risk the spontaneous documentary, to broadcast lessons that would be of interest to professionals. Since the station relies heavily on spectator contributions, it must make itself exciting and indispensable to various groups, each of which, at this level of sophistication, can accept being disregarded or even offended by some programs. The non-commercial station cannot appeal to the passive "TV-audience" as such for that does not write out checks or do anything except be exposed to the ads; the station must be needed and demanded, so people will pay for it.

A final point. I am puzzled by the rather strict hour and half-hour scheduling of Channel 13. Since the station does not sell its quarter-hours like cuts of cloth, it is able to allow brief spells of "nothing" – this takes the form of music, with the station-emblem or the word "Interlude" on the screen, to indicate that it is on the air. Nevertheless, the programs all start on the dot and most of them are crudely tailored to end on the dot, often with the words "I see our time has run out," "We'll have to save that for another discussion," and so forth. Why is a performance of Byrd's *Carman's Whistle* cut short for the 3 o'clock News, since there is no reason why that particular news (Adzubei Visits the Pope, Flood in Norwich) could not run at 3:04? The News is then succeeded by an Interlude of Rachmaninoff's *Paganini Variations* – oddly identified as "Sonatas by Liszt and Scarlatti" – which is in turn interrupted on the dot, at 3:30. Is this tailoring for the convenience of the TV Guide and the newspapers? Surely watchers of Channel 13 can get used to a little less accurate time-table.

Paul Goodman

FILMS

The Fat Boy

The Birds (Universal)

"I wants to make your flesh creep" is the ambition both of Dickens' Fat Boy and of Alfred Hitchcock. The latter has been making pictures for almost forty years, and by a facile realism and a superficial contempt for popular ideals, he has become the film-thriller equivalent of Somerset Maugham: a successful cynic, a man who despises what the public adores just enough to titillate them and to make them pay him well for saying so.

In the country of the bland, the wan-eyed is king. In the commercial film world that lives by stroking the public and making it pay as it purrs, a man who gibes even mildly at Home and Mother seems a very daring fellow indeed. Hitchcock's films have dallied rather than dealt with political affairs, social relations, psychological problems. His reputation for bitter realism depends less on candor and penetration than on clever technique, novelty of settings, and an emotionally cool style. Nothing is more clinical than a Hitchcock sex scene, for all the ear nibbling; nothing is less excited than his camera's eye in detailing threat or murder. His detachment, his teasings about violence seem to many brutally satiric and satirically brutal; but one has only to think of Bunuel to see the difference between a thorough, society-slashing sadist and a moderated, popular merchant of *frissons*. Hitchcock's function at its fiercest (in, say, *Psycho*) has been to give Ma and Pa a naughty little shock before they go home to beer and bed.

In fact Hitchcock's record shows not only that a vein of sentiment has run through his entire career but that he has made some blatantly sentimental films. (*Waltzes from Vienna, Jamaica Inn, Rebecca, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Under Capricorn.*) Some of the soppier items have not been intended as scare pictures; his latest, *The Birds*, is intended as a thriller and is swamped in sentimental insipidity. So thoroughly swamped that the scare scenes – a few of which are very good – seem inserted from another film.

This is his third picture based on a Daphne du Maurier story (which says a good deal). The script, by Evan Hunter (which says more), is absolutely bereft of even the slick-magazine sophistication that Hitchcock's films usually have. The dialogue is stupid, the characters insufficiently developed to rank as clichés, the story incohesive. A madcap San Francisco heiress, attracted to a young lawyer, follows him to the farm where he spends week-ends with his mother and sister. During the week-end, the birds of the vicinity – thousands of gulls, crows, and others – mass and attack: people in the street, a farmer in his bedroom, school-children coming home. Why the birds do this, why they limit it to this community, is not explained; nor is the story concluded. At the end the birds have driven the hero off his farm. What is supposed to happen next?

The scene in which hundreds of sparrows pour out of a fireplace into a small living room is a skin-crawler. An old Hitchcock play is re-played: threat in a bright setting. Dozens of crows flock ominously in the sunny playground as the children sing sweetly in the schoolroom. But most of the film's ominousness is silly because it is disconnected with the plot and is devoid of point.

Jessica Tandy, the mother, has one good moment – when she discovers a body and runs voicelessly out of the house and across the yard. Suzanne Pleshette as a local schoolteacher is

Notes on Contributors

Richard Gilman *is drama critic of* The Commonweal. Hilary Corke *is a British poet and critic.* Eleanor Rockwell *was formerly managing editor of* The Partisan Review. Hayden Carruth *has written several books of poems. His newest book,* Journey to a Known Place, *has just been published by New Directions.*

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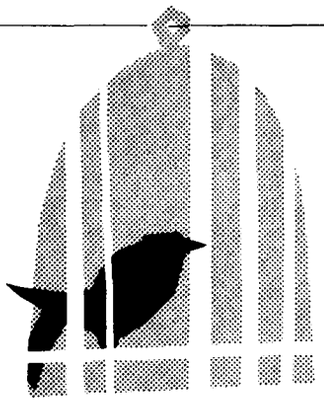
unobjectionable. The rest of the cast are offensively bad. The crowning impertinence is the use of a girl named "Tippi" Hedren as the heiress. Hitchcock boasts that he discovered her in a TV commercial (quotation marks and all, one assumes). On the basis of this background and training we are asked to watch Miss Hedren flounder for two hours in a leading role.

Hitchcock s direction has never been so tired, so devoid even of attempts at sardonic realism. He allows his editor to bungle – for instance, cutting from a medium shot of a character to a close-up in the middle of a line. He has not even made the most of the beautiful Bodega Bay country in California where this color picture was filmed.

Except for some sharp scenes in *Psycho*, most of Hitchcock's thrillers in the past ten years or so have seemed mere pallid refurbishings of ideas he had once used freshly and frighteningly. The roof sequences in *Vertigo*, the plane chasing the man in *North by Northwest*, the macabre jokes in *The Trouble With Harry*, all struck weak echoes. *The Birds* does not even strike echoes; it is the worst thriller of his that I can remember. In the past Hitchcock has been reproved on the one hand by some moralists who consider him savage, on the other hand he has been admired by many *cinéastes* (especially the French) who consider that he has beat the commercial film world into letting him make truly cynical films. The only importance of *The Birds* is in substantiating that both these prior opinions are exaggerated.

Stanley Kauffmann

"Life's true meaning
in the pokey . . ."— *Life*
"Funny."— *The New Yorker*
"Wry, symbolistic,
deadpan."— *Newsweek*



THE PRISON LIFE OF HARRIS FILMORE
a novel by
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author of *The Prodigal*, *Gallows Humor*, *Lorenzo* $3.95
NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY
Greenwich, Connecticut

THEATER

Brecht on Broadway

Brecht's masterful chronicle of the Thirty Years War, *Mother Courage and Her Children*, is often interpreted as a straightforward pacifist document, but it is not simply that. It is also a relentless Marxist indictment of the economic motives behind international aggression. If property is theft in *The Threepenny Opera*, it is rape, pillage, and murder in *Mother Courage* – war, in short, an extension not of diplomacy but of free enterprise. As for the financier, he is no longer a gangster, like Macheath. He is now a cynical warlord – like the Swedish King Gustavus, who pretends to be animated by religious zeal but who is actually seeking personal gain and territorial aggrandizement. In this atmosphere, where Protestants and Catholics slaughter each other for fun and profit, all human ideals degenerate into hypocritical cant, while heroism shatters into splinters of cruelty, madness, or greed.

Mother Courage and Her Children
by Bertolt Brecht
adapted by Eric Bentley
(Martin Beck Theater)

Brecht works these grim sardonic ironies, however, without bringing a single military adventurer center stage. Like the invisible bourgeoisie of *Threepenny*, the kings and commanders of *Mother Courage* remain in the background of the play, as well as in the rear of the battles. The external conflict is narrated, like newspaper headlines, in legends preceding each scene; but the dramatic action focuses on the lives of the war's subordinates and noncombatants, plying local commerce. "The war is just the same as trading," and "General Tilley's victory at Leipzig" has significance only insofar as it "costs Mother Courage four shirts."

Mother Courage, to be sure, is a pathetic victim of this war – she sacrifices three children to it. She is not, however, simply a passive sufferer, she is also an active agent in her own destruction. Precariously suspended between her maternal and commercial instincts, Courage may curse the war as a mother, but as a businesswoman, she is identified with it. A "hyena of the battlefield," she speculates on the lives of men. And since her canteen wagon is her only means of survival, she treats it as a fourth child, tied to her by a commercial umbilical – the three children of her flesh, significantly, are all taken off while she is haggling. Thus, Mother Courage is another of Brecht's split characters, a compound of good and evil – but one which adds up to more than the sum of its parts. For Courage achieves a third dimension beyond her ideological function. Like Falstaff (her Shakespearean prototype), she is an escaped character who baffles the author's original intentions. Salty, shrewd, hard-bitten, and skeptical, Courage is a full-blooded personification of the anti-heroic view of life. In a moving lyric, "The Song of the Great Capitulation," she traces her progress from a youthful Romantic idealist to a cautious compromiser, marching in time with the band, and, throughout the play, she remains faithful to the doctrine of number one. What she preaches is that the Ten Commandments are a mug's game, and that virtues like bravery, honesty, and unselfishness will invariably bring you low – as indeed such virtues flatten

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foolhardy Eilif, simpleminded Swiss Cheese, and, finally, kindly Kattrin. Restraining her motherly feelings, Courage survives; yielding to hers, Kattrin dies. But in the world of the play, death and survival are equally dismal alternatives. At the end, childless and desolate, Courage straps herself to her battered wagon and continues to follow the soldiers, having learned nothing except that man's capacity for suffering is limitless. But this knowledge is the tragic perception; and Brecht, for all his ideologizing, has recreated a tragic universe, in which the cruelty of men, the venality of society, and the indifference of the gods seem immutable conditions of life.

The ideological structure, however, provides the intellectual spine of the drama; and I have stressed its importance because the current production is intellectually spineless. It is difficult to say why, since it is totally free from the usual Broadway hokum or cynicism. Eric Bentley's idiomatic translation preserves the bite of the German, Paul Dessau's score is sharp and wheedling, and Jerome Robbins' direction proceeds, in all externals, with almost reverential fidelity to the text. Still, the only episode which works is the emotionally charged Drum Scene (virtually stageproof anyway). The rest of the evening is too often static and labored, and the ironies very rarely register. Certainly, the affluent Broadway audience is partly to blame. Lacking either the wit or the inclination to respond to Marxist mockery, it has a Yahoo's appetite only for blunt obscenities (a soldier's "Kiss my ass," for example, brought the opening night house down) – and no actor is going to press for unappreciated subtleties. Then, again, Mr. Robbins, for all his good intentions, is not enough of a director for a play of this scope, mounted in a four-week rehearsal period. Taking place on a clean bare stage, dressed only with Courage's wagon and occasional set pieces, the action itself seems peculiarly clean and bare. One misses stage business, directorial detail, the bustle of life; the actors do not seem sufficiently at home with their props and costumes; and underneath the surface scruffiness, a hint of American wholesomeness still sneaks through. One of Robbins' effective devices is to project, on a burlaped cyclorama, photographs of 20th Century soldiers and civilians in dusty retreat – but this merely emphasizes the play's anti-war implications, which are already rather obvious.

Even this scheme could have been partially compatible with Brecht's design; but the central role of Mother Courage is disastrously miscast. Anne Bancroft should probably be commended for undertaking a character beyond her years, training, and talents – but like the bravery of Courage's son, Eilif, this often strikes one as mere foolhardiness. Miss Bancroft's impersonation of age is particularly unconvincing, partly because of flat makeup and form-fitting waist, partly because of her own inexperience. In order to overcome these handicaps, she has been forced into monotonous vocal intonations which, along with her aphoristic inflections, account for much of the evening's tedium. Beyond this, the part of Mother Courage demands intelligence and a capacity for being unpleasant; Miss Bancroft is an exclusively emotional actress who cannot resist playing for sympathy. Her best moments, apart from her rendering of the songs, come in climaxes of grief, and the final scene, where Courage painfully pulls at her wagon, her mouth agape like a wounded animal, is truly harrowing. For the balance of the play, however, Miss Bancroft has the sound and gestures of a tired Jewish housewife, with no more cutting edge than Molly Goldberg. Zohra Lampert, on the other hand, is expressive, lovely, and poignant as the mute Kattrin (though perhaps too spastic in her movements). And though Barbara Harris lapses into Second City vocal mannerisms as the whore Yvette, Mike Kellin and Gene Wilder contribute moments of crisp humor as the Cook and the Chaplain, and Eugene Roche and John Harkins are vigorous in lesser roles. I have harped on the failures of the production; but there are still sufficient virtues in it to make this a genuinely important theatrical occasion. A Brecht masterpiece has been produced with all the care, respect, and expertise that our professional theater can muster. If this is still not quite enough, we must locate the inadequacy in the nature of the American theater itself.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

RECORDS

A New Conductor

Lorin Maazel, who was exhibited here years ago as a boy orchestral conductor, and who since then has grown up and achieved eminence as a conductor in Europe, returned here last fall for concerts with the Orchestre National Français and New York Philharmonic and performances of opera at the Metropolitan. In the two I heard his operation as a conductor was brilliant, his operation as a musician uneven; and this is true again of the several performances recently issued on records. Maazel's youthful energy and drive shows itself at times in extremely fast tempos – a tempo in the finale of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4, for example, on Deutsche Grammophon 18-789 and 138-729, that must be the fastest ever. In this instance the tempo works well, producing quite the most excitingly effective performance of the finale in my experience; and with the excellent pacing of the earlier movements, the sensitive and beautiful playing of the Berlin Philharmonic, this adds up to one of the best of the performances of the work now available on records. But the unprecedented tempos in which Maazel rushes the last scene of Stravinsky's *Petrushka*, on London CM-9339 and CS-6339, are too fast for the music's proper articulation, shape and effect. He can point to Stravinsky's metronome markings in the score; but I point to Stravinsky's slower tempos in his actual performance on Columbia ML-5732 and MS-6332. And an additional reason for preferring the Stravinsky performance is the superiority of his recording orchestra to the Israel Philharmonic conducted by Maa-

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zel. As for the performances of Beethoven's three *Leonore* Overtures and *Fidelio* Overture with the Israel Philharmonic on London CM-9328 and CS-6328, Maazel makes the slow introductions impressive, but plays the Allegros in inflexible fast tempos in which they don't have the expressive power that a more relaxed and rhetorically expansive treatment would give them.

Mahler's Symphony No. 1, with its genial first two movements and grim last two, is performed by Bruno Walter with his excellent recording orchestra on Columbia ML-5794 and MS-6394, and by Kletzki with the Vienna Philharmonic on Angel 35913 (mono). Kletzki's performance is effective; but Walter's final statement of his long-developed idea of the work has, from first note to last, impressive authority and rightness, and is preferable also because it doesn't cut the work.

There are also two new performances of Fauré's lovely Requiem: one conducted by Roger Wagner on Capitol P-8586 (mono), with his Chorale, the Paris Conservatory Concerts Orchestra, Marie Gibson, soprano, and Michel Roux, baritone; the other conducted by Cluytens on Angel 35974 (mono), with the same orchestra, the Brasseur Chorus, de los Angeles and Fischer-Dieskau. In the Cluytens performance the music is more quietly serene; it has the beautiful singing of de los Angeles and Fischer-Dieskau, as against the tremulous shrillness of Gibson's upper range and the unattractiveness of Roux's voice in all ranges; and its recorded sound is finer.

Those who care more than I do for the Bach arias on Deutsche Grammophon 19-268 and 136-268 will find them sung superbly by the tenor Ernst Haefliger; and the Handel arias he sings include "Total eclipse!" and "Thus when the sun" from *Samson* and *"Ombra mai fù"* from *Xerxes*. Karl Richter provides excellent orchestral contexts with the Munich Bach and Ansbach Festival Orchestras.

Rococo R-37 offers acoustically recorded performances by the famous Selma Kurz of the imperial Vienna Opera, in which a lovely lyric soprano voice very much like Hempel's is employed now in cantilena and now in coloratura singing that is sensational in its accuracy and ease – employed most of the time with musical taste, but with occasional distortions of tempo and phrase-shape, interpolations of cadenzas and high notes, and minute-long exhibitions of the spectacular Kurz trill.

Today, and specifically in the performance of Bellini's *La Sonnambula* on London A-4365 and OSA-1365, it is Joan Sutherland whose coloratura singing is sensational; and I have heard her sing cantilena simply and make it exciting with the shape and tension and style she gave to the emerging phrase; but her more usual practice nowadays is the extremely mannered moaning she does not only in the music of *La Sonnambula* in which Amina sings of her unhappiness and grief but in the music in which she sings of her happiness and joy. This is one reason for preferring the earlier performance with Callas on Angel 3568; another is the fact that Nicola Monti, who sings most of Elvino's music very well, this time produces some unpleasant yells in a couple of high-ranging phrases that he manages with ease and agreeable tone in the earlier performance; and still another is the more attractive bass of Zaccaria in Rodolfo's music, as against Corena's worn voice in the new performance. But I must add that Sylvia Stahlman, the Lisa of this performance, is brilliant in the florid aria that is omitted in the Angel performance; and that Richard Bonynge conducts admirably. And I should add concerning the work itself that with a considerable amount of writing uninteresting to the ear of today it offers writing that is attractive and even unusual (*e.g.* the animated orchestral introduction), and two outstanding examples of Bellini melody – Elvino's *"Tutto è sciolto"* and Amina's *"Ah, non credea mirarti."*

In Schubert's great song-cycle *Die Winterreise*, on Deutsche Grammophon 18-778/9 and 138-778/9, Hotter's baritone has a little less of the beauty it had in his earlier performance on Angel 3521; but it remains an adequate medium for the art that achieves even more impressive results in some of the songs – *e.g. Der Leiermann* – this time; and there are more effective piano accompaniments by Erik Werba that are heard more clearly.

Charles Rosen plays the first and last movements of Schubert's posthumous Sonata in A, on Epic LC-3855 and BC-1255, without the flexibility and ex-

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pansiveness they require for their proper expressive effect; and his tempo is too fast for the opening section of the Andantino. An Angel reissue of Schnabel's unique performance of this beautiful work is long overdue.

I am glad to be able to report Westminster's reissue of three of its records with Fernando Valenti's performances of Scarlatti sonatas. I wish he had used a more delicate-toned harpsichord, and that the sound hadn't been magnified further by the recording; but one can reduce the volume; and the performances surpass all others in their pointing up of the detail of the delightful works. Several of the best pieces are on each of the records: Longo Nos. 430, 204, 345, 279 and 449 on XWN-18328; 465, 413, 104, 23 and 486 on 18329; 33, 58, 241, 352 and 10 on 18330.

I recommend the Shure M33-5 stereo cartridge for both stereo and mono records (an easily inserted 1-mil stylus is available for mono if one prefers it, and a 2.75 stylus for 78-rpm). The Shure SME arm in which I am using it is the ultimate in arms; but the less elaborate, less difficult to set up, and less expensive Grado arm is excellent.

B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

Tryout in Harlem

Sirs:

I would like to correct several errors in Mr. Murray Kempton's article "Tryout in Harlem" in the February 23 *New Republic.*

The Ford Foundation did not, as the story said, "choose" the Lower East Side as the neighborhood where Ford would spend $12.5 million on the Mobilization For Youth program. Ford was one of four contributors to Mobilization For Youth. It contributed $1,845,000 to the $12.5 million total, with the rest coming from the City of New York, the National Institute of Mental Health, and a grant approved by the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency, under the Juvenile Delinquency Act of 1961.

Also, the Lower East Side was not "chosen" as the site of this project because it is more "fashionable" than Harlem or any other neighborhood. As far as this Committee is concerned, Mobilization received a grant because it submitted a proposal that met grant criteria established by a review panel of nongovernmental experts.

The founders of Mobilization For Youth, Inc., and staff of the New York School of Social Work spent more than four years designing their demonstration project proposal. The last two years of this intensive planning were financed by a grant from the National Institute of Mental Health. The result of this work was what we consider the most advanced program yet developed for community action against juvenile delinquency. In addition to coordinating existing community resources, it includes more than 20 new services in education, youth employment, recreation, family services, and community development. Thus, the Lower East Side received the funds because its leaders developed and submitted an outstanding program, not because it is a "fashionable" neighborhood.

We are anxious to see other communities begin demonstration projects of this scope, and 15 communities have been awarded grants to plan major projects. One of these grants went to Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited (HARYOU), which was not mentioned in the article and counters the statement that "No one will even look at Harlem any longer."

HARYOU is made up of a broad cross-section of Harlem leadership. It now has professional staff working to develop a comprehensive plan of action for Harlem. Associated Community Teams, as the article said, is now training student volunteers to work with

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youth in Harlem. ACT and HARYOU have agreed to merge their two organizations at the end of HARYOU's planning operation and to submit a single demonstration proposal for their community. We hope that at that time the Harlem proposal will qualify for funds from several sources.

The article also errs when it says that ACT could not have gotten its grant without political influence. Decisions on all grant applications follow recommendations by the review panels, which judge each program on its professional merits, not on the basis of its political support.

It is clear from Mr. Kempton's article that he is greatly concerned about the many human problems in Harlem. We share this concern, along with many other people, and we hope the two projects we are supporting there will result in new, effective action to benefit Harlem's youth.

David L. Hackett
Executive Director
President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Crime

Was Sacco Guilty?

Sirs:

In Francis Russell's letter (March 23) replying to the book review ("Was Sacco Guilty," March 2) by Justice Michael A. Musmanno, Mr. Russell says: "Within a limited space it is not possible to point out the many errors and inaccuracies in Judge Musmanno's review of my *Tragedy in Dedham.*"

Yet, in the long letter which Mr. Russell did write, he did not point out one – not one – error or inaccuracy in Justice Musmanno's review. The only possible conclusion that readers can come to, after such a performance, is that Mr. Russell could not find any error or inaccuracy.

As a fellow of the International Academy of Trial Lawyers with 31 years of constant trial work, I am constrained to say that Mr. Russell, instead of advancing facts, filled this letter with remote hearsay and rumors, all of which, of course, have no place in a court of law or in the court of public opinion.

James P. McArdle
Pittsburgh, Penna.

Help Save Smith

Sirs:

I strongly urge *The New Republic* to mount a campaign to save ABC's Howard K. Smith from economic censorship. As you probably know a number of small radio stations have attempted to support their total operation by subscription. Is it not possible that Mr. Smith's program could be supported by the same means?

I don't know how much it costs to put on such a program. Perhaps $2 or $3 a year per subscriber for his nationwide audience would suffice.

Wesley H. Long
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Bad Moment for Frost

Sirs:

In my article on Robert Frost in the March 23, 1963 issue there crept in one of those typographical errors which are all the more exasperating in that they seem to make sense. On page 24, column 1, line 33, "these amounts are felt" should read "these moments are felt."

Irving Howe
Stanford University

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